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COMMENT OF THE DAY

What Does It Mean?

A study of the admittedly startling proposals to "de-Communist" Eastern Germany prompts a variety of reactions: the reforms indicate a genuine admission that the superimposition of Communist economic policy on Eastern Germany has been a failure; that the move is purely a political expediency to influence the coming Bernini conference; that it is but a part of what has become known as the Soviet "peace offensive" aimed at softening up the West's attitude to the Malenkov regime; that it is a "blind" to mislead the world beyond the Iron Curtain into a false sense of security against aggressive Communism. It is doubtful whether any of these interpretations are, alone, correct. The satellite Government of East Germany claims that one aim of the reforms is to assist in the reunification of Germany—a suggestion which could have been rather more acceptable had it been accompanied by an expression of willingness for East Germany to participate in free elections. Reports emphasize that in Western Germany hopes for the reunification of the two zones have soared, but these immediate reactions must be treated with some reserve.

WHILE the announced economic and social revolution in Eastern Germany is by far the most dramatic move made by the Communists since Malenkov's accession to power, it is of moment to consider other Soviet actions during the past week which, when added together, suggest a definite policy pattern. First came the decision to grant visas to the Russian wives of Americans; then followed the lifting of controls in the Soviet Zone of Austria and the appointment of an Ambassador in Austria to replace the military regime; and simultaneously with the new measures in Eastern Germany a reported Soviet renunciation of territorial claims in the Dardanelles. Taken together these could mean that Russia is at last genuinely anxious to call a halt to the Cold War. Taken on face value they encourage the hope that new and better relations between East and West are possible.

Further Communist Reforms Announced

COERCION OF TEACHERS TO BE STOPPED

Berlin, June 12. East Germany tonight further unfolded its programme of appeasement towards the West, relaxing ideological pressure on teachers and farmers.

Herr Otto Grotewohl, Prime Minister of the Communist-ruled state, announced an end to the purge of teachers suspected of disloyalty to Communism, declaring that "coercive measures... must be stopped."

At the same time a Government decree took the pressure off private farmers holding out against collectivisation. It promised them relief from the onerous quotas of produce which must be delivered to the state, ordering that they should be collected in such a manner that the survival of the farms would be guaranteed.

No Longer In Pauper's Grave

London, June 12. The coffin of Vaslav Nijinsky, the great Russian ballet dancer, left here for reinterment in Paris today, alone and shrouded in darkness.

No one in the midday bustle at Victoria Station noticed the unheralded hearse bringing the dancer's coffin from an unmarked grave in a London cemetery to the waiting train. Travellers passed by unheeding as the coffin began a journey made possible by public subscription to a fund organised by ballet dancer Serge Lifar. The fund was started after Nijinsky died here on April 8, 1950, a pauper and a madman, and was buried in a grave without a headstone.

Today, the coffin was slid silently into the empty guards van of a British train, by undertakers wearing black top hats and black coats. Alone in the van, it began the journey to the Montmartre Cemetery where the dancer will be reinterred with honour beside the bodies of other great artists of international fame.—Reuter.

Savage Assault

Tokyo, June 13. The battered American defenders of the Chorwon valley invasion route to South Korea threw back early today another savage Communist assault against "outpost Harry", this one by some 2,000 Chinese Reds.—United Press.

Million Tons Of US Wheat For Pakistan

Washington, June 12. The Senate Agriculture Committee today approved President Eisenhower's request to send 1,000,000 tons of wheat to famine-stricken Pakistan.

The Committee sent a bill to the Senate for approval to authorize despatch of this gift of wheat. The Committee voted unanimously in favour of the recommendation after hearing the Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, the Mutual Security Administrator, Mr. Harold Stassen, and the Under-Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. True Morse, testify that Pakistan was strongly anti-Communist and the gift of wheat would help to reduce surpluses in the United States.

Earlier Senators had raised the issue that the Communists might make propaganda if one million tons of United States wheat, which President Eisenhower had asked Congress to make available for shipment to Pakistan, were sold to the famine-stricken country's people. They questioned the United States Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, when he appeared before the Senate Agriculture Committee to urge prompt action on Mr. Eisenhower's recommendation that the wheat be sent urgently as a grant.

Mr. Eisenhower proposed that the wheat be put into counterpart funds under joint United States-Pakistan administration, for future development purposes, particularly towards increased food production to lessen the danger of future shortages in Pakistan.

GIVE OR SELL? Senator Clinton Anderson (Democrat, New Mexico) told Mr. Dulles he believed the plan, if it allowed the Pakistan Government to sell the grain to its people, could breed "ill will and hate" towards the United States.

He proposed that some method be set up for giving the wheat directly to the people through non-government channels. Senator Herman Welker (R, publican, Idaho) said he feared Communists would make propaganda of the sale of the wheat to the people of Pakistan. He said the Communists might try to ridicule claims of United States generosity.

Mr. Dulles told the Committee Pakistan had given assurances that destitute persons would not be required to pay for the wheat. He added that many people in the country had refused to buy it and that it would "pauperise" them to give it to them.

Mr. Dulles said that "we must rely on the Pakistan Government" to handle the wheat. He said the first shipment of grain should be in Pakistan by August and said that there was no time for the United States to try to set up a distribution system of its own.—Reuter.

Orphan Meets Escapee



Cardinal Spellman, looks on as Lieut. Francis Jarecki, the Polish jet pilot who risked his life to fly a Soviet MIG jet plane from behind the Iron Curtain, meets Song Yong Cho, aged 11, who lost both feet and both parents during the Korean war. Song Yong Cho was on his way to Boys Town, Nebraska.—London Express.

Big Three Challenge To Russia On The Austrian Problem

Paris, June 12. The United States, Britain and France have challenged Russia to come up with a proposal for ending the occupation of Austria, American officials said today.

The challenge was made in similar notes delivered yesterday by the three Western Powers' embassies in Moscow.

The text of the notes has not been made public. It was understood, however, that the Western nations did not propose a new meeting of Austrian treaty deputies in an effort to make further progress on the long stalled treaty negotiations. Instead, the Western Powers asked the Soviet Union to tell them through regular diplomatic channels exactly what kind of treaty they have in mind for granting Austria its independence.

This was in line with a suggestion of Jacob Malik, Soviet Ambassador to Britain.

Mr. Malik, on May 25, sent the Secretary-General of the Austrian treaty deputies a message refusing an invitation to new treaty talks in London on May 27. At that time the Soviet diplomat said that there were no grounds to suppose that a new meeting would produce any more successful results than the previous 200 meetings.

Therefore, Mr. Malik said, "I propose that at the present time it would be more expedient to consider this question through diplomatic channels by means of an appropriate exchange of opinion."

The three Western Powers have decided to accept Mr. Malik's suggestion and ask him to make the first move with a concrete proposal.

The United States, Britain and France had asked for the Soviet Union to make the first move to negotiate a treaty which would end the occupation of Austria which began in 1945.—United Press.

Canadian Elections

Ottawa, June 12. The Canadian Prime Minister, Mr. Louis St. Laurent, announced tonight that Canada would hold a federal election, on Monday, August 16.—Reuter.

Some of the gang were disguised as police. The raid was near Thomson Falls.—Reuter.

They killed four and captured the rest.

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China's Dominating Position In Far East

Must Be Recognised Declares Nehru

London, June 12. Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, said here today one of the most dominating factors of the present age was the emergence of "a strong, united, integrated state of China."

"Forget Communism—forget everything," he said. "For anyone to ignore that fact or to say we shall not have anything to do with China or recognise it does not put an end to China."

Mr. Nehru, who was speaking at a reception given for him by the India League, said the other major factor of present times was the establishment of Asia. Asia was not militarily or economically strong. But negatively and passively she was very strong indeed. The time was past when Asia could be ignored by other nations.

Though weak both economically and financially and militarily, Asia had developed a certain strength which prevented countries from ignoring her. All nations must face reality in the world today, Mr. Nehru declared. "That includes an understanding of the enormous forces at play in men's minds because millions of people in Asia and Africa have got strange thoughts," he added.

"You cannot treat them as you used to treat them."

NEW FORCES Every policy should be based on the reality of understanding these new forces and the approach should be, if not actively friendly, at least not hostile.

The approach even to the opponent should be as courteous as possible because this kind of hostility certainly does not help to solve a problem," he said. "We should not say a country should not take precautions for its defence and its security. Build up your strength by all means but if your objective is peace do not do it in a way which encourages war."

Discussing international affairs Mr. Nehru said: "We have tremendous problems but what amazes me more and more is the kind of language that is used now by people in places of high responsibility."

"People talk of peace in a language which only spells war. It is obvious you cannot achieve peace unless your methods are peaceful. You cannot have peace from warlike methods."

"It seems to be a pagan thing, yet that is what modern diplomacy has somehow arrived at."

Mr. Nehru said he would be presumptuous to offer advice to the statesmen of the world but he could venture to advise those countries which are still

struggling for freedom and to whom sympathy must be given. "They might learn something from that great leader of India, Mahatma Gandhi, and the methods he adopted and, more particularly, the basic approach he made," he said.

"That is important not only from the point of view of dealing with your opponent but also in helping yourself."

Mr. Nehru contended that other measures, though successful in overcoming an opponent or an enemy, might liberate all kinds of chaotic forces.

CHINA'S APPROACH Nations struggling for freedom should remember it was highly desirable to understand Mahatma Gandhi's approach, which was good not only from an idealistic point of view but from the practical and opportunistic angle as well.

On India's entry into foreign affairs, Mr. Nehru said: "It is true circumstances have compelled us to function in international affairs. That has not been very much of our seeking."

"Of course we were interested in them, but we realise we have to make good in our own country before we could take up other burdens and responsibilities or before we presume to go about doling out advice to others."

India had always avoided interfering in the affairs of other nations. "But the mere fact that a great country like India becoming independent brings responsibilities which we cannot escape," he added.—Reuter.

RELENTLESS CAMPAIGN Nairobi, June 12. European and African police with 30 Masai and Kipigis spearmen waded thigh deep through a hippopotamus-infested swamp and accounted for eight Mau Mau, all wanted killers.

They killed four and captured the rest.

Some of the gang were disguised as police. The raid was near Thomson Falls.—Reuter.

They killed four and captured the rest.

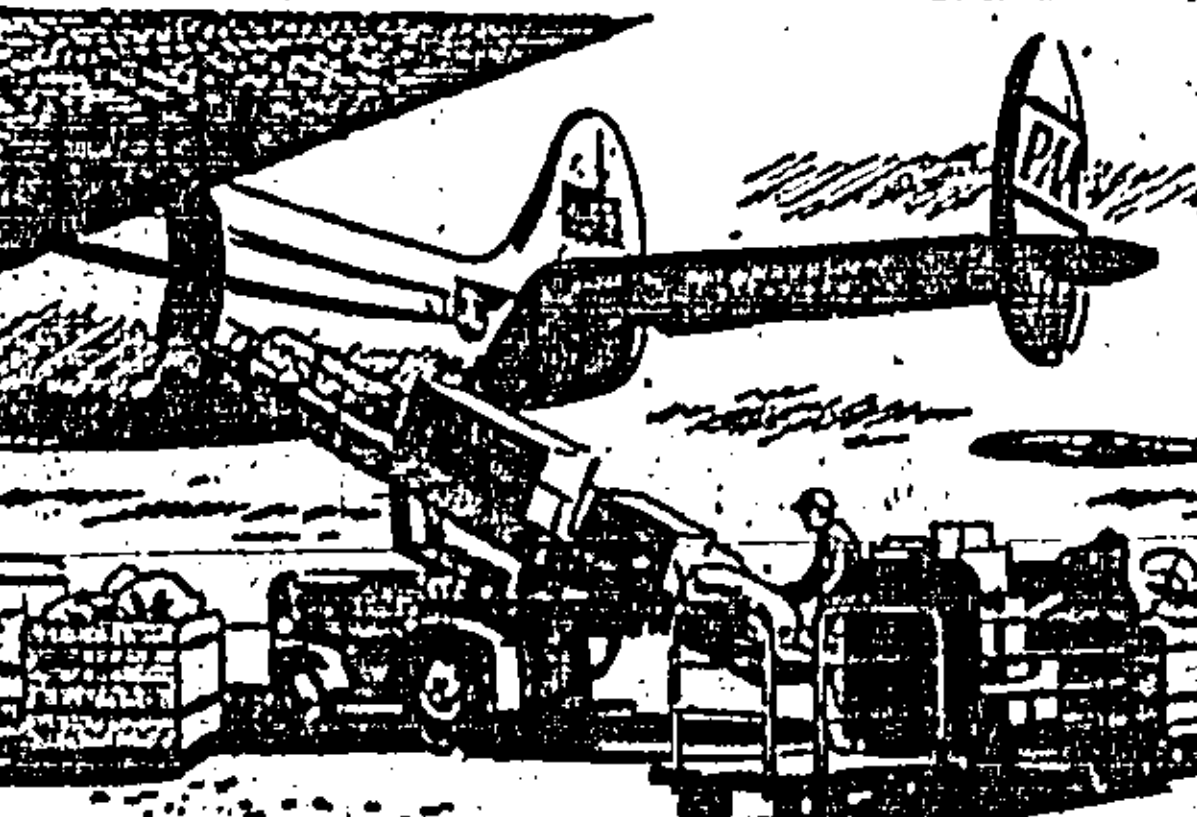
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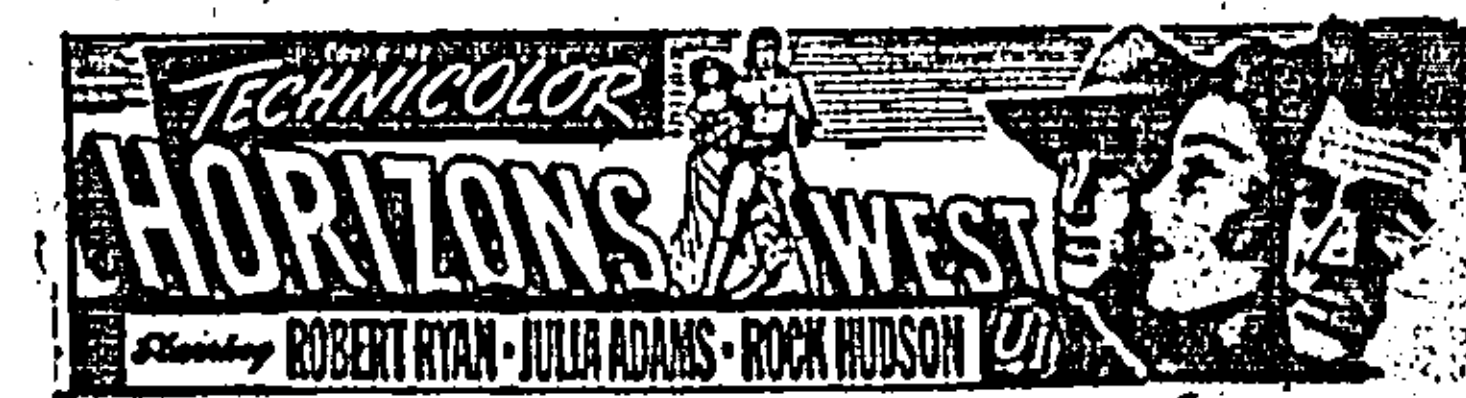


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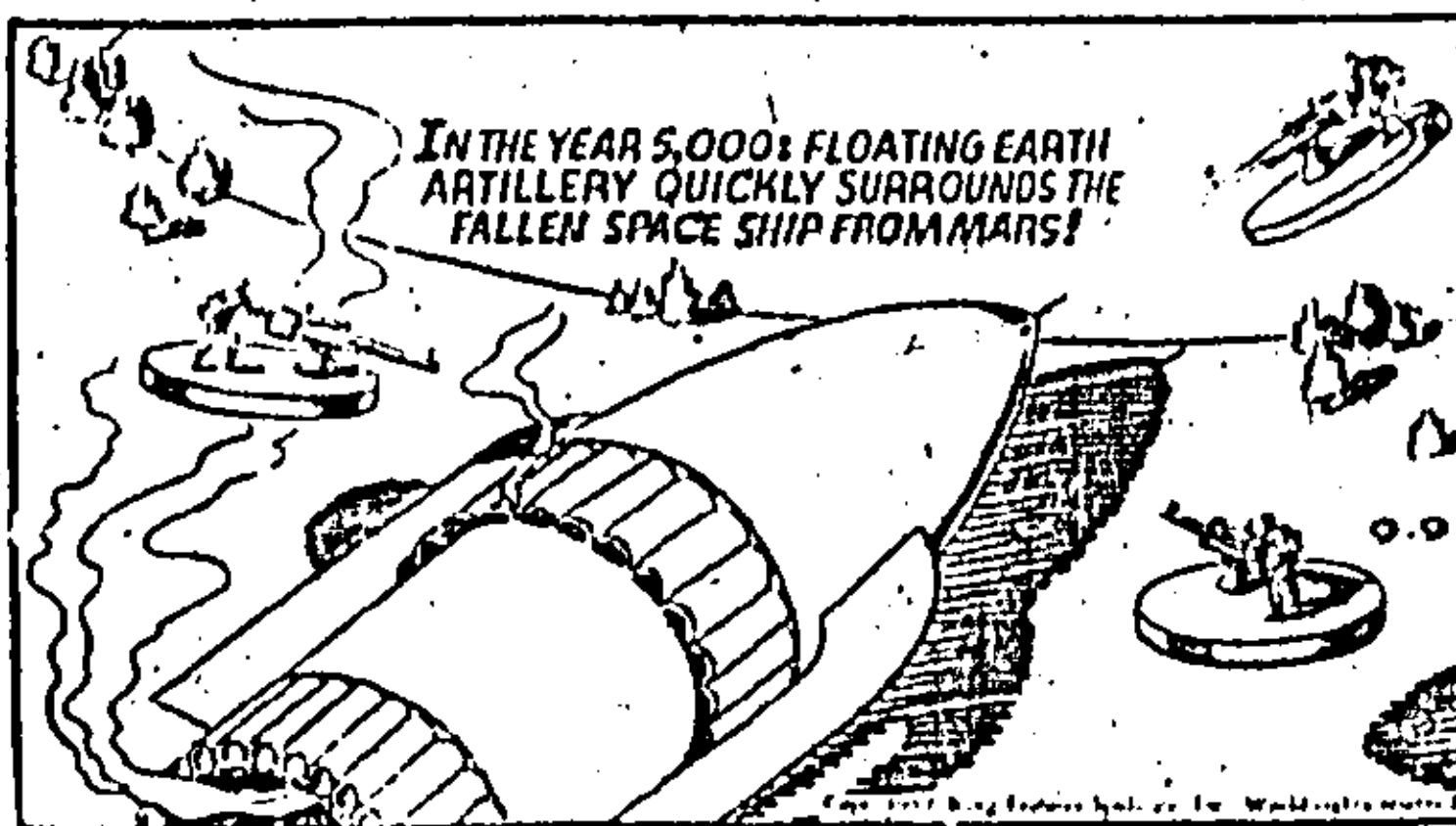


TO-DAY

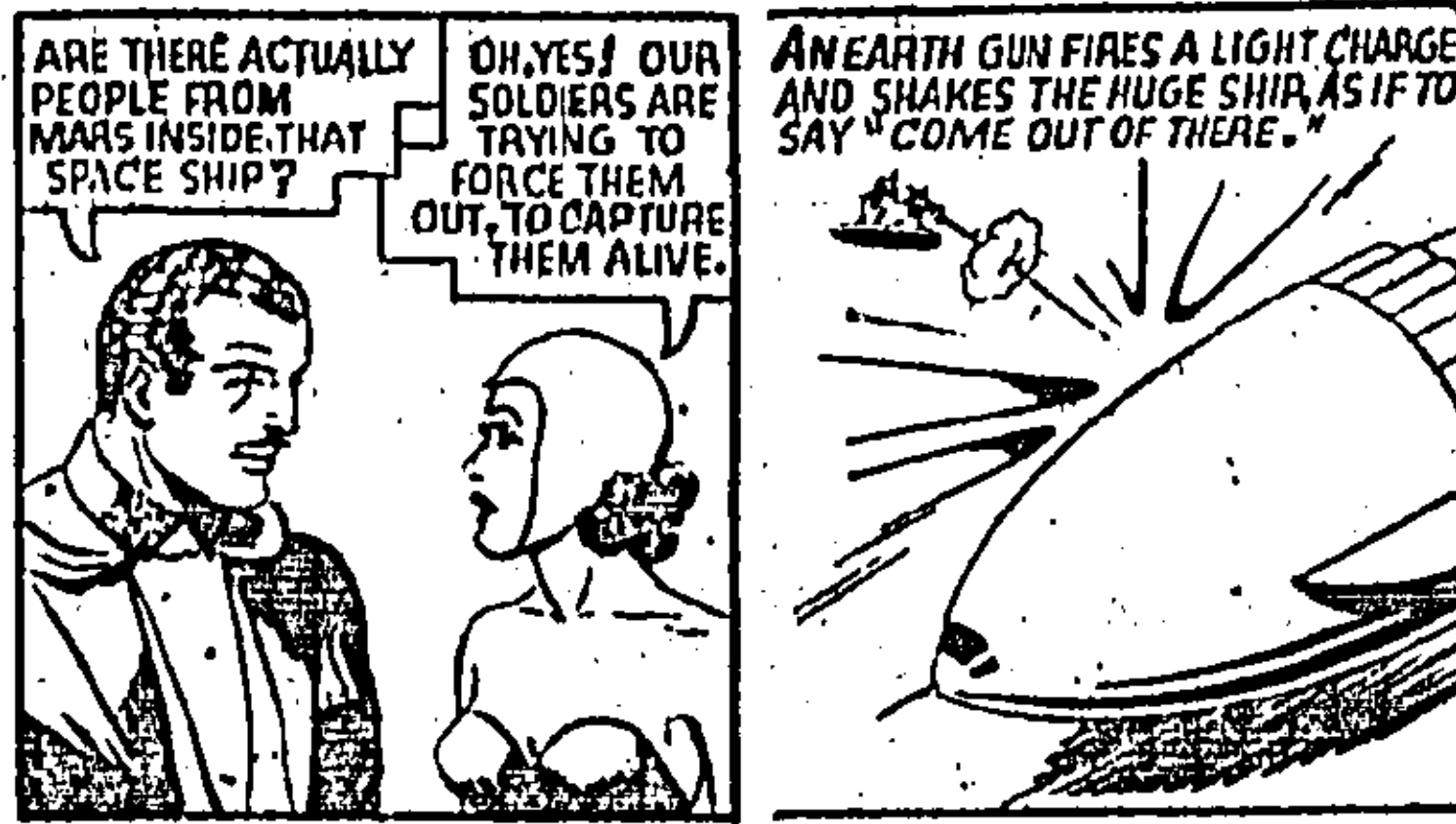
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



Hollywood Concentrates On Science Fiction

By JENNIFER JOHNS

Thanks to Hollywood's undying belief that the public's appetite for cinema-going will wane unless constantly pepped up by a new diet, there is always something happening "for the first time ever" around the studios.

One would think — what with 3-D sight and sound — that the film boys would relax for a while. But not a bit of it. Today, for the first time etc., several studios are concentrating on producing "nothing" but science-fiction thrillers which are mostly fiction and little science.

Hollywood at the moment, in fact, is being stalked by all manner of strange and gigantic creatures dropping upon the earth from even stranger quarters of the universe.

Coming shortly is a monster with two pairs of wings and four pairs of legs plus a neck which puts the Loch Ness Monster to shame. This animal-bird threatens the human race by breathing on it. Every time it breathes it sets alight to whole towns and cities with the effect

of a double-strength atom bomb. As the monster breathes as regularly as any other monster, the result is mass extinction until the monster itself is burnt up during an unexpected coughing attack. Yet, there is always something new around Hollywood.

TAX-TROUBLED

So you think film stars earn a lot of money? The answer is that they do but that income tax eats up such a lot that they all complain they don't. Ex-amples of what it was like in the good old days when stars could take home all that they earned, were given by John Wayne in a Los Angeles court the other day where he was battling to stop his estranged wife collecting £3,000 a month alimony from him.

Mr Wayne admits that he earned around £150,000 last year but declares that taxes and other outlays left him only a meagre £13,000.

In the old days, commented Mr Wayne, such stars as Mary Pickford earned (and kept) as much as £350,000 a year while Gloria Swanson, Tom Mix and William Farnum collected from £25,000 a week in the same golden age.

Looking back at Mr Wayne's £13,000 a year (taxes etc. paid) it may still seem to you

a lot of money. It does to me, too, but I must, in fairness, add that Mr Wayne is a kind-hearted gentleman only too ready to lend a handful of money to anyone. He also invests in a variety of ventures and he also has that alimony to pay. Even £13,000 must divide pretty quickly in a world like that.

Mentioning money, Prince Aly Khan seems to be in need of cash. He's bringing 20 horses over to the States to sell at Saratoga in the summer. It's around that time that ex-Princess Rita Hayworth hopes to collect from him for support of their daughter.

Bing Crosby is expected to retire from pictures after "White Christmas" and "Road to the Moon".

Marilyn Monroe finds that she's allergic to perfume. Not that it matters. It would take more than that to make fans allergic to Marilyn. Gene Kelly has been sick with flu. But he is better now.

Katherine Hepburn bought John Houston's and much of Humphrey Bogart's interest in "The African Queen." Houston explains, however, that he is making a new fortune with "Moulin Rouge" and I don't suppose Mr Bogart is spending sleepless nights either.



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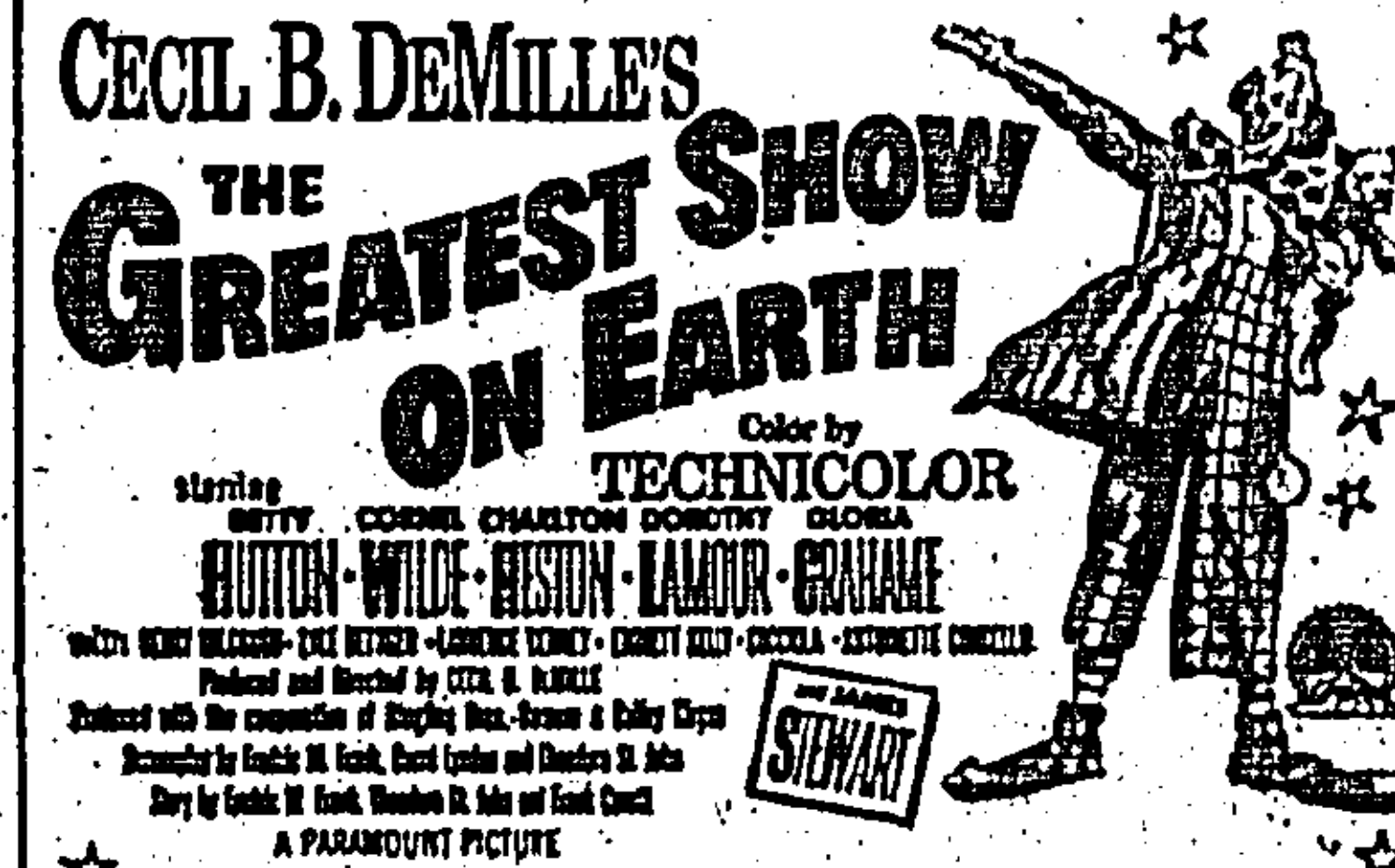
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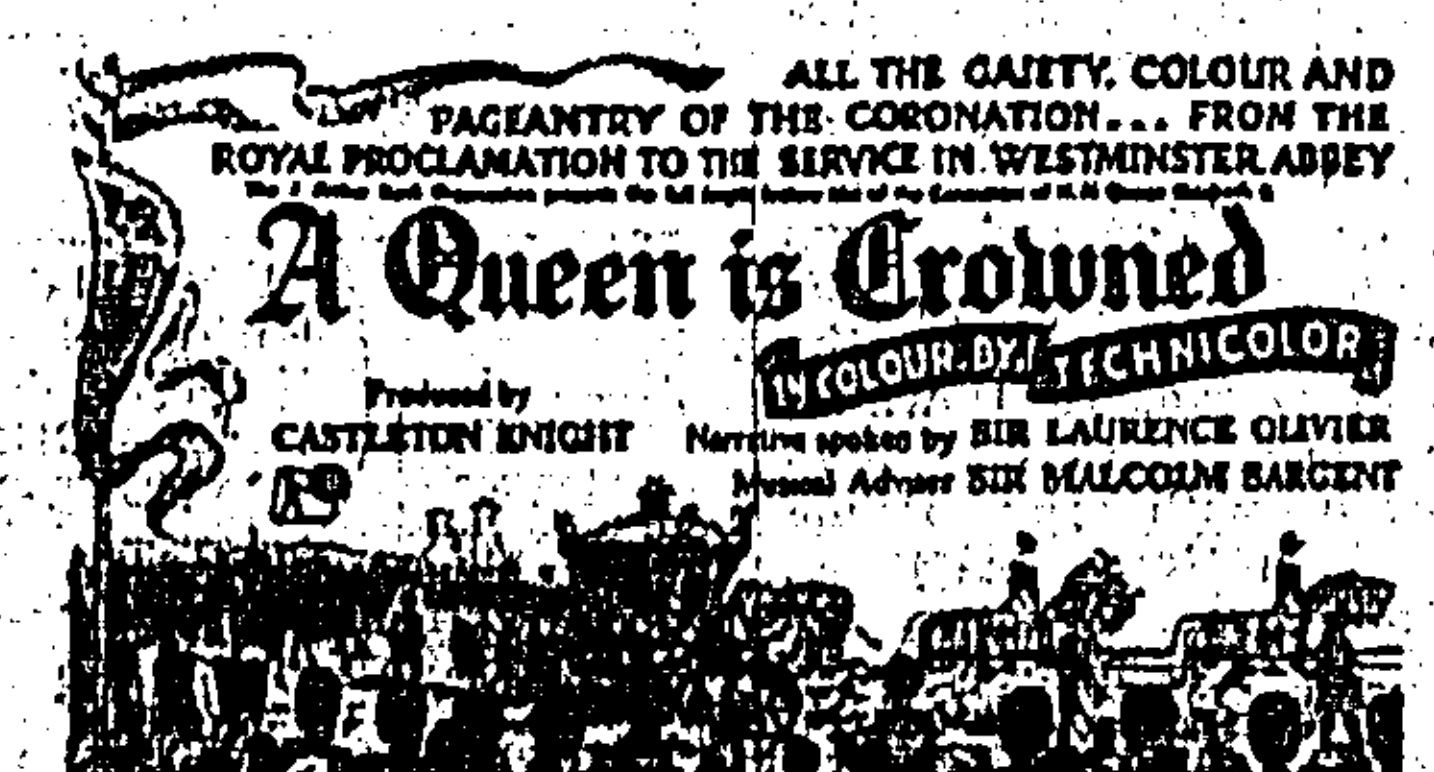
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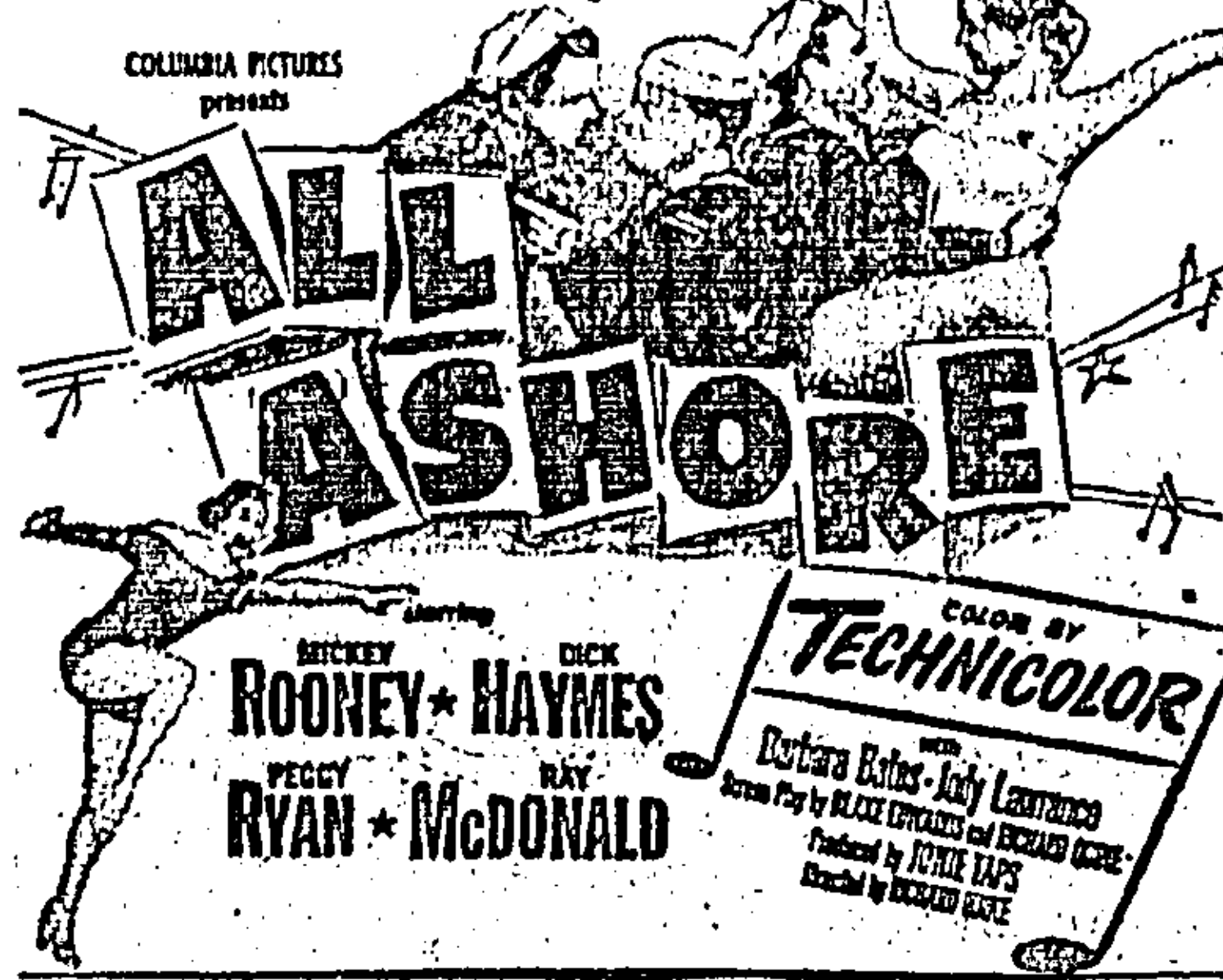
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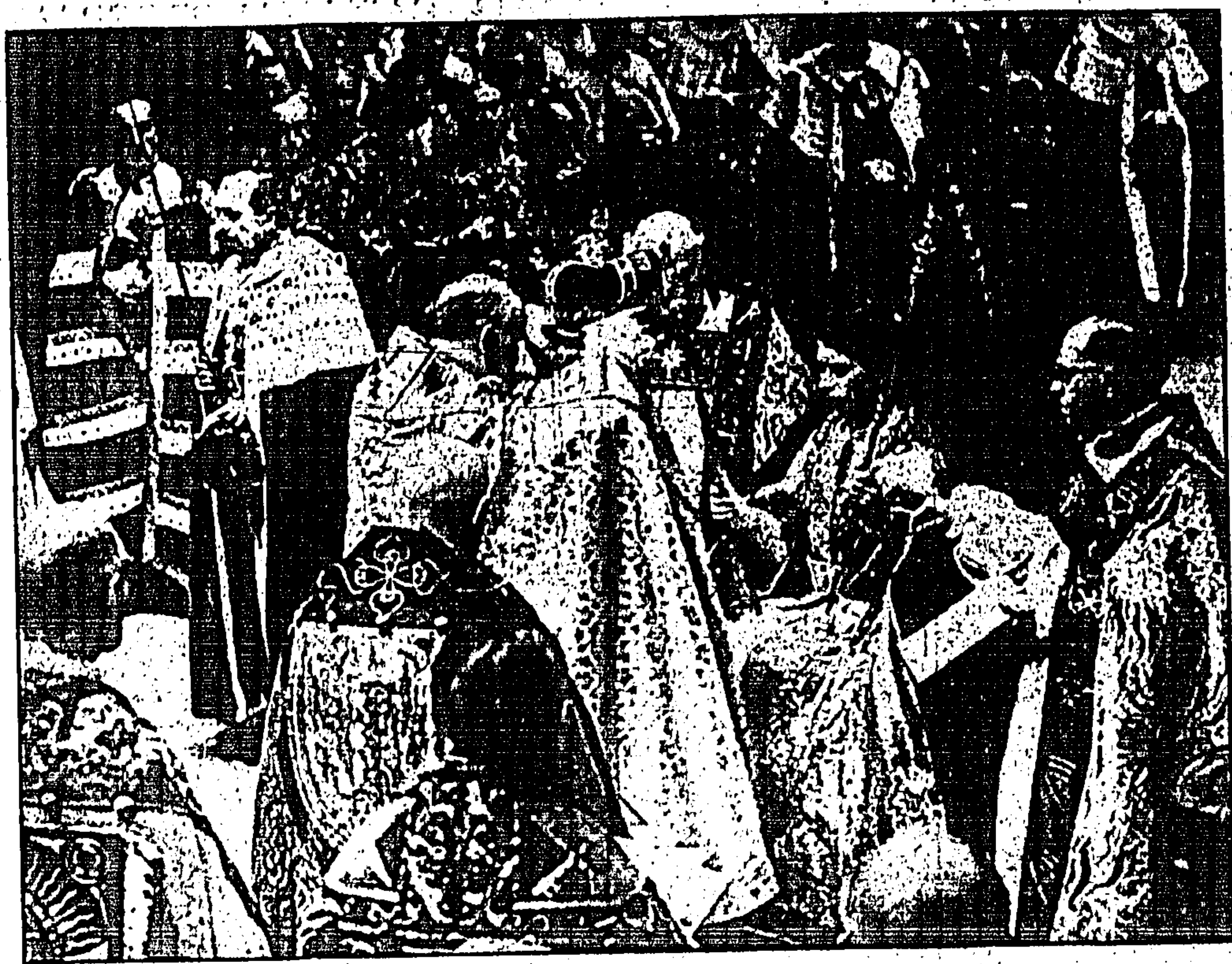
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UNBELIEVABLE SPECTACLE
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LONDON CORONATION SCENES & SIDELIGHTS



THE supreme moment of the Coronation. The Crown of St Edward, held by Dr Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is placed on the head of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. The Queen holds in her left hand the Rod With Dove (for equity and mercy), and in her right hand the Sceptre With Cross (ensign of kingly power and justice). (AP)



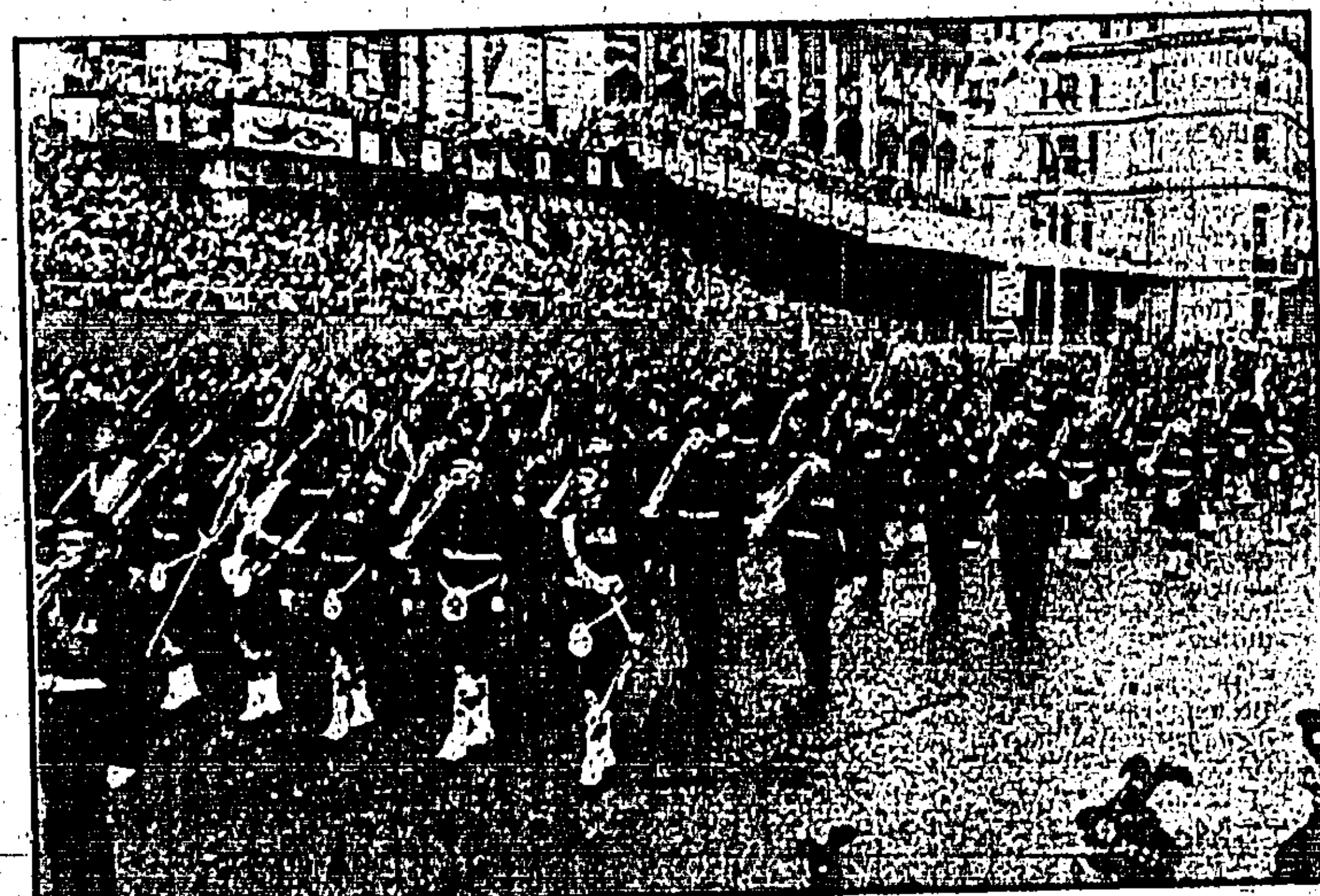
THE Queen, with the Imperial State Crown upon her head, leaves Westminster Abbey at the conclusion of the Coronation service. Her magnificently embroidered train is borne by her six Maids of Honour, who are dressed in white embroidered with gold and silver. The Queen's gown is embroidered with the emblems of the United Kingdom and Commonwealth. (Express)



PATIENTS and nurses fill balconies and windows of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Hackney Road, as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drive through London, on the first of their state drives after the Coronation. (Reuterphoto)



THE Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, beaming happily, arrives at the Abbey with Lady Churchill to play his part in the historic ceremony. (Express)



PART of the Scottish section of the Infantry contingent in the Coronation procession. In centre foreground, nearest to camera, is RSM Boyde, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who is well known in Hongkong. (Army News)



GENERAL George Marshall, President Eisenhower's representative at the Coronation, and Mrs. Marshall engaged in an animated scene with Sir Winston Churchill at the door of No. 10 Downing Street when they went to lunch with the Prime Minister. (AP)

LEFT: The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir John Harding, on his mount just before the procession.



OUTDOOR revelry in London's Trafalgar Square on Coronation night as crowds celebrate the Queen's crowning by dancing in the streets. (AP)

NANCY

Party Rules

By Ernie Bushmiller



Mr Eden's Surgeon Wants No Publicity

From
Donald Ludlow

Washington. RICHARD Bartley Channing Cattell, the surgeon to whom Mr Eden flew for an "imperative" operation, is one of the most retiring men in American medicine.

Tall, spare, greying Dr Cattell (accent on the second syllable) still retains the soft, slow drawl of Ohio, where he was born 63 years ago.

And he has all a countryman's modesty. So much so that now that his name has jumped into world news he has forbidden his associates at Boston's famous Lahey Clinic to say anything about him other than what has appeared in his sparse record in reference books.

Private Soldier

AFTER graduating at Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio, he joined the U.S. Army as a private soldier in 1917, served in France, and returned two years later to begin his studies at Harvard Medical School.

He qualified in 1925, spent two years walking the wards of a New York hospital, and then joined the Lahey Clinic, with which he has been associated ever since, becoming a specialist in liver and gall bladder operations.

He has done so many of them—probably more than any other surgeon in the world—that he has lost count.

There are few days that do not see his hands at work in the theatre of the New England Baptist Hospital, Boston, which takes patients from the Lahey Clinic and where a suite of rooms has been reserved for Mr Eden.

But he still finds time to be a devoted father—he has two daughters and three sons—and take on additional professional duties.

He is a past president of Boston Surgical Society, an honorary consultant to the U.S. Navy.

Men Overhauled

BUT it is his 26 years' work at the Lahey Clinic in diagnosis and surgery that has built him a reputation honoured by colleagues throughout the world.

Founded by Dr Frank H. Lahey, the clinic deals only with the most serious operations—the kind that other hospitals hesitate to attempt.

It specialises, too, in the most difficult branches of diagnosis. Recently, however, its 50 specialists and surgeons have taken on the job of keeping America's big business men fit for their jobs.

Great corporations send their executives to the clinic for regular overhauls. They have found it worth the cost in sweeter tempers, better judgment and fewer collapses.

Dr Cattell leaves home every morning at 7.15. Only on his summer holiday—"such a very short month," says his wife—does he find much time for his two sports, golf and sailing.

The man who treats so many overworked men overworks himself without a thought.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



GILES STILL FURTHER 'AWAY FROM IT ALL'...



"Very well—let's hear YOU explain in YOUR impeccable Spanish that we've promised Grandma we'll be back in time for the Coronation."

London Express Service

Peers beat the Archbishop—coronets go on too soon

WELL, she really is the Queen of England now. I am glad I've been allowed to see the business through because I have a personal interest. I was in it right from the beginning.

When Elizabeth II became Queen without knowing it on that sunny morning in Kenya 18 months ago I was among the first half dozen of her subjects to see her.

She did not even know she was Queen herself then and she looked a lot different for she was simply dressed in a bush jacket and trousers.

She had been sitting up all night in Tree Tops, an observation post built in a giant fig tree over an African waterhole, looking at elephant and rhinoceros taking their nightly drink.

But on June 2 instead of wild animals she was surrounded by Chamberlains and Kings of Arms, bishops, and peers of every degree.

BRAINWAVE

SOMEONE in the Earl Marshal's Office had a brainwave and put a section of the Press, including me, on a perch high above Pocky Corner. But it did not turn out to be such a good idea after all because you cannot write lyrically about something you don't see.

Close to my seat was a memorial to the poet John Gay and it was this epitaph: "Life is a jest and all things show it."

I thought so once and now I know it.

The jest in this case was that sitting on my perch in the Abbey I saw far less than millions of people did on TV. I was in a position of personal satisfaction, but I have heard far more about what went on since I came out.

I did not even know that Prince Charles was there though I did see the Queen give a glance once that I thought must be for her boy.

So you must pardon me if I do not give you the illumination that you might expect from someone who was actually there.

For TV and colour films, the Abbey was almost turned into a studio. There were cameramen hidden all over the place.

ON EFFIGIES

ONE batch of cameras was concealed in two tombs only a few yards from the spot where the Queen was crowned. The tombs, that belong to a couple of 14th century characters called Aymer de Valence and Edmund Crouchback, were made sound-proof but the cameramen had to stand on the effigies.

There was another set of peep-holes in the south transept, just above where the peers were sitting. It seemed quite a sliding show and some of their lordships appeared to spend more of their time staring at the cameramen at work than looking at the Coronation.

But the best "hide" of all was high above the Altar where they had fused a window into something that looked like a Gothic dovecot. Only instead of doves peeping out there were photographers. One of them was Bill Jordan of Pathé, who is just back from Korea. He says

BERNARD WICKSTEED describes what he saw from an eyrie in the Abbey

It was much more uncomfortable up there than out at the front. He had only three feet of headroom and had to sit or crouch there without a chance to stretch for eight hours. I saw him just before he went up to his room by some steps at the back of the altar.

SO WARM

ANOTHER reason why millions saw so well was the brilliant lighting from special lamps in the roof. There was not as much light there as in a normal studio, but there was more than there has ever been in the Abbey before.

I am told the Dean of Westminster was worried about it at first. He thought the heat of the lamps would be too much for the Queen in her heavy robes. But she stuck it out.

But there were things we saw that perhaps TV missed—the Gold Sticks, for instance. They looked like characters from some picture painted for the Academy a hundred years ago.

The Earl Marshal, who appointed them, must have scoured the clubs and officers' messes of Britain in search of colourful types. The naval contingent looked like admirals to a man and those from the Army wore bright red tunics with gold fittings suitable for the ball on the eve of Waterloo.

They seemed to be having a wonderful time, like an old boy's reunion in fancy dress. They bunched together in little knots and talked happily about Poon.

NO KNITTING

INSTEAD of sitting comfortably at home looking at TV we had to be in the Abbey between 6 and 7 a.m. So we had to amuse ourselves for four or five hours before the Coronation began.

I had a girl from a Swedish paper on one side of me and a girl from Ohio on the other. We spent the first hour or two watching the peacocks appall us. There were about 400 of them. The duchesses had what you might call the front row stalls and behind them were tiers of flares going back to the baronesses in the pit.

Through the glasses it looked as if some of them were sorry they hadn't brought their knitting.

IT'S HISTORY

THEN at last the procession began. By standing on the backs of our seats and risking a drop of 80ft. or 80ft. on to the floor below us Miss Ohio, Miss Sweden, and I could just see the figures as they came up the steps from the choir.

This really was the history of England come to life. It took

a quarter of an hour to go the 100 yards from the West Door to the Coronation Theatre. There were 13 earls in it and nine dukes, but out in front like a drum major, was George Calvert, the Abbey Beadle. He is known to thousands because when there is a Coronation he takes visitors round the Abbey.

A splash of bright red behind him was made by nine chaplains, four of whom have won the Military Cross. One was our old friend "Tubby" Clayton, M.C., the founder of

Behind the chaplains was the Dean of Westminster in a cope made for the Coronation of Charles II. With his high brow and his lantern jaw he looked like one of those medieval priests who lurk in the background of historical films and plot against the king.

There is nothing like that about him really. In fact he is one of the principals in the religious part of the Coronation.

THEIR MITRES

EARLS and dukes and other peers began to come thick and fast. You could pick them out at once by their page boys carrying their coronets behind. There were 40 page boys altogether and none of them was allowed to be more than 5ft. 6ins. in height.

Now for the two archbishops. There has been a lot of discussion about their mitres. They were wearing them for, probably, the first time at a Coronation since the Reformation.

The Archbishop of York's mitre had a blue or green stripe down the front and the Archbishop of Canterbury's was silver.

Now came the Duke of Edinburgh and the two girls beside me were thrilled. "I really do like him, he is so good looking," said Miss Sweden, and Miss Ohio piped, "Isn't he a wonderful man?"

He certainly looked impressive with his fur cape and orders and his velvet train. But we had only a glimpse of him and he was gone from our line of view.

THE QUEEN

YOU could tell the Queen was coming in a split second. The Westminster schoolboys shouting "Vivat Regina!" as she passed up the Choir. I know one of the boys. He lives near me and his mother says that for weeks he's been practising shouting "Vivat!" in his bath.

And now was my turn to say to the girls, "Isn't she lovely?" because the Queen was coming up the steps.

How different she looked from that morning in Kenya. "Some may have seen her better on TV," but through my glasses I thought she seemed a little apprehensive, as if she would have been far happier surrounded by elephants in Kenya than by all this pomp.

But she too was in sight for only a few moments before going to pray at her faldstool. We saw her again when she came out for the Recognition and turned first East, then South, then West, and North.

She seemed intensely serious and earnest. Then she was out of sight again while she took the Oath. But we heard her make her promises in a clear, though quiet, voice.

Of the Anointing we saw little but the golden canopy held above her head. Nor did we see the Investiture.

But by practically climbing into the ceiling of the Abbey among a group of carved and headless saints the three of us got a good view of the crowning itself. The archbishop was so slow putting it on that many of the peers anticipated him and had their coronets on before the Queen was actually crowned.

From where we were it seemed much too big for her and appeared to be slipping down over her eyes.

The Coronation rubrics say that the Queen is to be lifted into the Throne by the archbishops, bishops, and peers, but she seemed to manage it without their help.

'BE SEATED'

THE Archbishop of Canterbury used to be headmaster of Repton and whenever he came into the assembly hall and all the boys stood up he would stare over their heads as if invoking some tribal deity and then murmur the magic words "Be seated."

A cousin of mine who was there at the time said it was several terms before he discovered that the words meant "be seated." The archbishop appeared to be doing something of the same kind at the enthroning.

The homage was the one part of the Coronation that we in our part of the Abbey saw really well. The Duke of Edinburgh touched the Crown and kissed the left cheek of the Queen as laid down.

The Duke of Gloucester was more vigorous and nearly

pushed the Crown off when he touched it, while the young Duke of Kent seemed to be giving it a tap to see if it was coming out for the Recognition and turned first East, then South, then West, and North.

Unlike the royal Dukes the other peers kissed the Queen's hand, and Miss Sweden was critical about the way some of them did it. She said it took at least six generations to learn how to kiss a hand gracefully. She approved of the technique of a marquis and an earl, but not of the Duke of Norfolk.

There was a hint after this. Everyone should have shouted out "God Save the Queen." But the signal for this appeared to have been overlooked and no one knew the right moment to shout. At last a courageous voice in the nave took up the cry and everyone joined in.

AT LAST

By my timing the Queen wore the heavy crown of St Edward for two periods, one of 24 minutes and one of 14—making 38 minutes in all.

This was a streamlining of her father's effort. He had the crown on his head for 45 minutes. The Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, who stand at each side of the Queen through most of the ceremony, are supposed to take the weight of the Crown if it becomes too much and put it straight if it topples over to the side.

But all the time she was in sight of us she appeared to need no help.

We didn't see young Charles. We didn't see the Queen and her husband kneeling at the Altar. Most of the time we did not get the feel in the roof that we were taking part in a great religious service.

But we did see her going out a fully fledged Queen at last with the Imperial Crown on her head. Yet somehow I shall still remember her best as the girl in a bush jacket and trousers who had just had a wonderful night looking at elephant and rhinoceros drinking.

(London Express Service)



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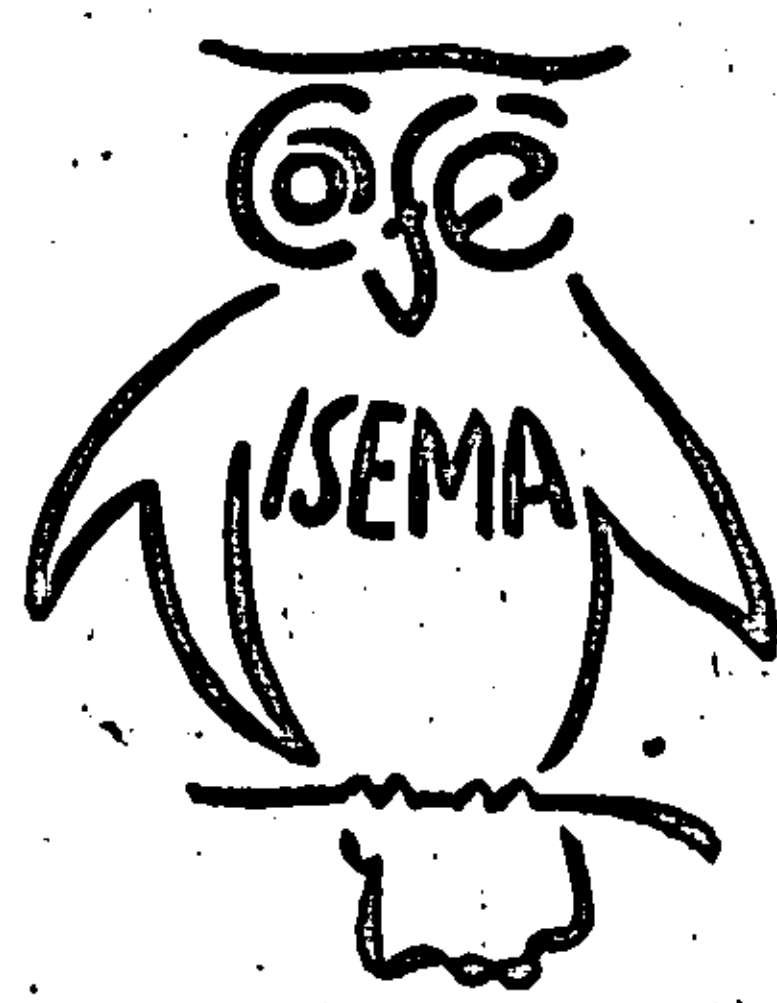
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ON FROM EVEREST

Who will be the first man to fly a rocket into space?

ONE exciting achievement demanding perhaps even greater endurance than displayed by the conquerors of Everest will soon fall within the grasp of some explorer courageous enough to attempt it.

It will be the flight of the first manned rocket—the pioneering stage in the exploration of space which may ultimately end in landings on the moon and planets. Scientists have already proved that monkeys can survive the hazards of rocket flights up to a height of nearly 40 miles and return to earth safely. So almost certainly within the next five years someone for whom adventure and the advance of knowledge matter more than risk of death will allow himself to be launched in a rocket machine.

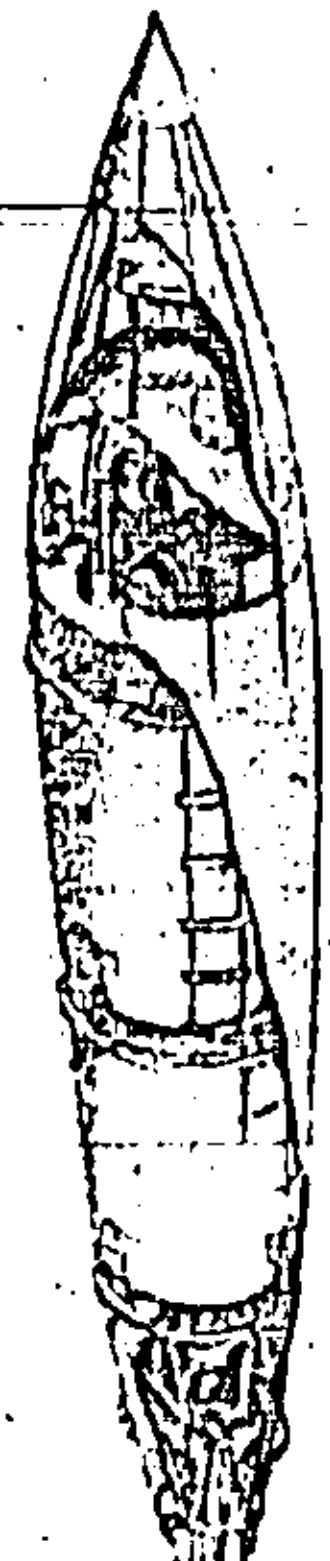
The first flight is unlikely to be higher than a few miles, but the man who makes it—he will go alone—will be subjected to terrific strain. As the rocket gathers speed he will have to withstand "black-out" stresses far greater than those experienced by jet pilots. On the way down he will be subjected to a further

by CHAPMAN PINCHER

ther strain as parachutes suddenly open to check the fall of his cockpit, jettisoned from the rocket.

He will have to endure almost overpowering heat generated by the compression and friction of the air on the rocket surface. Through the flight his mind will be haunted by the dangers of a fuel-tank explosion or a landing failure.

This pioneer is more likely to be a scientist than an airman, for his job will be to record the reactions of his body while the rocket is in flight. He will be subjected to a further



Before this great adventure gets under way other daring men may attempt the only feat of earthly endurance to compare with the climbing of Everest—the descent into the depths of the sea.

The deepest abyss of the oceans—the Philippine Trench in the Pacific—would swamp Everest with 6,000ft. of water. Yet no man has penetrated further than the 4,500ft. achieved four years ago by Dr Otis Barton.

Following the example of Dr William Beebe, his American colleague who went down half a mile, he descended in a small steel ball suspended by a cable from a ship.

Deeper descents will not tax the physical endurance of the under-sea explorer like the thin-air, icy summit of Mount Everest. But the mental strain will be infinitely greater, demanding courage of a different kind.

Even among the clouded heights of the Himalayas climbers feel they have some material connection with the world below them. Deep-sea explorers, suspended in inky silent water, are in a different world.

It is a world in which there have been no days and no seasons since time began—a

world from which no rescue is possible if anything goes wrong. If the observation window caves in, for instance, the explorers know that they will not be drowned but shot dead. The first jets of water forced in by the tremendous pressures outside would have the penetrating power of bullets. But the challenge of depths physically unprobed by human beings is certain to prove irresistible to adventurous minds.

Professor Auguste Piccard, the 69-year-old Brussels scientist, is already planning to go down nearly two miles in a new steel diving machine. The setting up of a National Institute for Oceanography by the Government increases the likelihood that British scientists will take part in such explorations.

After the heights and depths are conquered, what then? By that time atomic energy for space-ship propulsion will have been perfected. Manned flights in rockets will be reasonably safe. So space journeys of many thousands of miles without risk of fuel shortage will be possible.

Many round-the-moon flights to survey the terrain will be made before any landing of a manned space ship is attempted. But the most careful scientists are now confident that such landings will be made before the end of this century.

It may well be a Union Jack which is first thrust into the soft pumice of the moon's surface. And it could happen in the reign of Elizabeth II.

The problems that crop up wherever there are children

Lady Pakenham

herself the mother of eight children continues her talking-point series

Should mothers offer bribes to end quarrels?

I SUPPOSE that to us parents the least attractive thing about children is their quarrels. But we must try not to let those whines and moans (so much more irritating than downright roars) get too much on our nerves.

Children take quarrelling in their stride, especially young children. It's all part of their day's work. It's a form of exciting activity for them.

It angers them, amuses them, stretches their mental—and physical!—powers to the full. During a quarrel they feel intensely alive. Vanished is even the faintest whiff of boredom. And boredom—not quarrelling—is the real enemy of a happy childhood.

SIX REASONS

BUT now look at the parents' point of view. I can think of at least six good reasons why I dislike quarrelling.

1. It represents the difference between war and peace in the family.
2. It interrupts my work.
3. It is ugly to hear and see.
4. My husband, like all fathers, hates it.

ROUGH JUSTICE

PUNISHMENT is sometimes necessary. My own parents each had a simple but opposite method of punishing quarrelsome children. My father always automatically punished the child who was howling. My mother, on the other hand, unhesitatingly punished the child who was not! (She assumed it had caused the trouble).

We children recognised this as a kind of rough justice. It was all in the luck of the game whether father or mother caught you quarrelling.

Certainly such rough-and-ready methods are far better than the parents joining in the argument, and making desperate and angry efforts to get to the bottom of it. This only adds to the hubbub.

The quarrellers secretly enjoy the heightened drama. Instead of subduing the heat of battle intensifies. Personally, I believe judicious bribery, to prevent quarrelling, has its uses. Bribery is, of course, a dangerous weapon. Children who are always bribed to "be good"

may never learn to be good without it.

Some parents always give their children small "bribes" for doing odd jobs about the house or garden. I fell into this habit after the Scouts' "Bob-a-job" week in our village—a praiseworthy affair.

But when the "week" was over my two small sons thought it a pity to drop such a good idea. So for a time it was penalties for everything: 5d. each for polishing the car, 2d. for picking off 50 dandelion heads, 3d. for finding my lost seatcases.

Finally I struck when my five-year-old offered to fetch me the towel from the toolshed, adding in all good faith: "How much will that be, mummy? Seven-pence halfpenny?"

But there are certain emergencies when some kind of bribery seems the best solution. It is a wet afternoon. You have visitors. The children must play on their own. And they must not quarrel. The promise of a treat "if you are good the whole afternoon" is a sure way of preventing quarrels.

LOGGERHEADS

CHILDREN'S quarrels can be divided into two kinds: sudden flare-ups and permanent mal-adjustments.

If two of your children are always at loggerheads this probably means they are temperamentally incompatible. The only thing is to keep them as separate as possible—separate bedrooms, separate schools. It is often difficult to arrange, but it is well worth the inconvenience. For these children can become good friends in time,

provided their memories of youthful antagonism are not too vivid and numerous.

If, however, your children's quarrels are really flare-ups of temper, happening between any of the children and not always the same pair, then my advice is: Don't worry. This applies specially to the parents of four or more children. Quarrelling is the occupational disease of large families.

THEY REMEMBER

BUT what about parents' quarrels? I may seem to have made light of children's quarrels, though, the supreme offence against family life.

A quarrel in front of the children makes an indelible and terrifying impression on the child's mind. Years afterwards two of our children recalled an incident that to me and my husband was so superficial we neither had the slightest recollection of it. But to the children it stood out as a moment of intense fear and misery.

Apparently my husband and I had some argument about their bedtime which ended in my saying: "If that's how you feel you can put them to bed yourself," and I launched the telephone directory at his head. Our two horrified children rushed upstairs and hid in a corner of their bedroom. They were convinced we were on the point of divorce!

DEFENSIVE SHELL

THE curious thing is that parents who hardly ever quarrel seem to upset their children more on the rare occasions when they do so than those who have continual rows. One of my daughters commented the other day on a girl friend's amazing attitude. "She tells us stories every day about her mother's and father's quarrels, and how her granny eggs her mother on. She doesn't seem to mind and laughs."

True, the child doesn't seem to mind. She is forced to make light of the situation. She grows a kind of defensive shell. But the real hurt is deep and all-pervasive. It may even damage her sense of security so badly that she, in turn, is unable to make a happy marriage.

The moral is clear. Parents, if you must quarrel, let it NOT be in front of the children.

Next Saturday:
THE DAY DREAMER

Now this is REALLY a racket

—and it's in refugees, says SYDNEY SMITH who has just returned from Beirut

THE fat, suave, Jordan flour miller lumbered from his chromed Cadillac into the United Nations Organisation which cares for 874,000 Arab refugees from Palestine.

Fingering his bulging pocket book, he asked with bland sincerity: "Please, where is the hushheesh department?"

He hoped to pay someone to ensure that cheaper and better Canadian flour was not used for the refugees. He had a nice part of a Jordan flour contract ready to pay someone who could arrange it.

He left furious — insulted. There was no hushheesh department. No one to take his cut on the contract. His departure was followed in the Arab Middle Eastern Press by a spate of hatred against the Western exploiters of Arab distress.

That authentic story is the key to the sad, and dangerous, tale of the biggest racket for which British and American taxpayers have ever fallen—the support of almost 1,000,000 refugee Arabs in five Arab States.

Our share

AFTER the Palestine war more than three-quarters of a million Arab refugees, homeless, frightened, and poverty-stricken, were scattered among the Arab States. They lived on a disorganised and haphazard charity, which was even then worth millions of dollars.

Three years ago the United Nations voted a quarter of a million dollars (about £39,285) for an organised plan to rehabilitate these refugees. Britain's voluntary contribution was between 13 per cent (£11,477) and 20 per cent (£17,857).

On June 1 Britain will have paid in cash £3,900,000 in two years on a three-year programme. Right now, the British taxpayer is to be faced with a supplementary bill of many more millions, for which the dividends will be more hatred and more demands — and certainly no more than that.

This is how it goes. In three years only 12,000 Arabs (about 2,369 families) have been resettled. The rest are still living in tents or temporary buildings as before. But their population has risen every year by 25,000 new-born refugees.

No recognition

THE refugees and their host Governments have resisted all aid which was called "rehabilitation" or "reintegration." Such aid presumes in their minds a recognition of Israel, the loss of compensation and all hope of a return home.

So they have preferred, and are still preferring, their miserable tents and squalid barracks, and their 11,000 tons of free food a month to a real resettlement.

Result: They tear down any solid living quarters they are given and demand tents. They refuse to be rehoused. They refuse rehabilitation.

At the same time they play the game of economics and politics in the selfish, jealous, and greedy way of the Arab States which barely tolerate them.

These miserable but expensive refugees are wonderful pawns in a destructive game in which the hopeful Western nations are always the losers and the payers are the Arabs. The refugees' demands fit in splendidly with the political ambitions and claims of the Arab Governments. See how it works.

Naguib: 'No'

Egypt: A few weeks ago Naguib said to a United Nations organiser: "I won't take a single Palestine Arab refugee this side of the Nile, there are too many Communists among them."

Result? The United Nations have agreed on a 30,000,000 dollar (£10,700,000) scheme to build 60 miles of new canals in Egypt, to siphon water under the Suez Canal, and resettle 75,000 Arab refugees in the Sinai Peninsula.

Profit to Naguib: Huge irrigation schemes on his side of the Nile and a buffer population of Arabs against possible Jewish invasion. We pay.

JORDAN: Out of a population of 700,000, about 470,000 are Arab refugees. Jordan has made them all citizens and does not want to let them go. They are valuable strength against jealous neighbours in Syria, Iraq, and Israel.

Of course, Jordan cannot support them. But Britain's annual interest-free loans £1,200,000 this year — and Britain's subsidy to Jordan, about half its £14,000,000-a-year budget, make the Arab refugees an easy luxury.

So secret

SYRIA: Syrian strong man Adib Shishakly refuses to accept open aid because it will imply too much admission of the permanency of Israel.

King Abdullah of Jordan was shot dead for little more than that. So, in strict secrecy, Shishakly has just accepted a 30,000,000-dollar contract for an irrigation scheme on the Euphrates River, which should rehabilitate tens of thousands of Arab refugees.

But not a word is to be said openly. The Syrian Press has been banned from mentioning it. This blackmail game for dollars, with miserable refugees as pawns, is delicately known by the local United Nations authorities as "professional refugee mentality."

So long as it continues it will cost Britain millions we never hear about; and by which we shall never profit. (London Express Service).

CHARLIE'S CHILLY CHARGE

By LES ARMOUR

IF 78-year-old Charlie Denne had his way, this would be a story about ghosts.

Charlie is probably the only man in the world who devotes all his time to looking after a wraith—the ghost of Archbishop of Sudbury, beheaded in 1881 by Kentish peasants.

The Archbishop, once a stout and screaming spectre who made horrible noises and dashed up and down stairs without his head, has apparently subsided into a mere ghost of his former ghost. A big tourist attraction, but no longer a frightener. No one has heard from him in fact, for decades.

This, of course, makes Charlie's job tougher. Everything depends now on the atmosphere of the four-room tower in Canterbury's fourteenth-century city wall. For Charlie says he has very little time to go out; hasn't been out, in fact, since he moved in 17 years ago.

Even the town barber rows up the river Stour to the tower's back door to give him a haircut. To hundreds of tourists who come every year Charlie tells blood-curdling tales about the old times when the ghost was on stage himself.

In return he gets his tower (officially classified as a "council house") for ten shillings a week. Why should an archbishop, dead all these years, run around screaming? Some people think he's just annoyed at having been beheaded. Others incline to the more subtle view that the annoyance stems from the fact that his head was sent back to his native village while his body was buried in Canterbury Cathedral.

And even an archbishop likes to have a head near him.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

'I'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN'—YOU HEAR THEM SAY...

My Fashion Catechism

No. 1.—Mrs. ROY BOULTING

By
DRUSILLA
BEYFUS

"I'll never fall for the latest hair style just because it's new. Oh why did I once wear the short-cut!"

BESIDE THE SEASIDE

By Kay Campbell

London. Brighton is London's own seaside resort, crammed with cafes, fun-fairs and ice-cream stalls. But if you look, beside the big sea-front hotels and flashy cafes, you'll find elegant Regency houses, relics of the times when Brighton was the hub of London's fashionable society, led by the Prince Regent.

You go to Brighton not just to see the sea (although it is conveniently near) but to promenade along the pier, try your hand at the funfair, have your fortune told, or eat whelks.

You go to Brighton to wander from one cafe to another sampling ice-creams and peach melbas. You go to Brighton to paddle, that is, if you can bear the pebbles, or to gaze at fish you could never hope to catch, in the underground aquarium.

Brighton offers you that seaside phenomenon—the mystery tour, where you all pile into a coach, and don't know where you're going till you arrive. It may turn out to be a place you visited yesterday. But that doesn't matter; at least you didn't expect to see it again so soon. The only true mystery tour I've been on, was when the driver got lost, and none of us knew where we were going.

Brighton is no place for bath-chairs. It's a town for the young, and a resort for the family—if father doesn't mind fishing in his pocket to pay for ice-creams and joy-rides. It's to Brighton that many London families are going this year, and in many homes, frantic packing is going on right now.

Small boys who have a penchant for ramming sharp-edged tin buckets over the heads of their fellows can be thwarted this year by the new all-rubber buckets on sale, which can be safely used for beach battles and make good sand-castles as well.

Also approved for the juvenile world are rubber webbed feet, like the frogmen's flippers, which they can slip on over their bare feet. These not only increase their prowess in paddling, but protect their toes from cuts and scratches.

Gargantuan beach animals are back for the first time since the war, and many perspiring fathers will be blowing up rubber serpents, snakes and sea-horses for their young. Wise parents will tie a long lead to the animals, and hold on tight at the other end to prevent any cross-channel sorties being made.

London mothers who find denim dungarees ideal for their offspring to play in at home, are including them also in the

holiday suit-case. If the weather is fine they can be worn as sunsuits; if the day is depressing, any number of jumpers can be put on underneath.

For the heat-wave that everyone hopes to enjoy, there are elasticated bathing suits that won't sag like the knitted ones, plus cotton sun-bonnets or straw hats to keep the sun at bay.

For the very young there are beach-suits made from coloured terry towelling, in which they can play happily. Equally happy on the sand are the new nylon dresses made up in a crimped seagucker weave, which needs no ironing. Some of them even have smocking on them, and as long as it's made of nylon there's no reason why small girls couldn't play in the sand in their frilled party frocks all day and emerge, after the frocks have been laundered, looking deceptively angelic.

Cotton frocks are glamorised this year by being worn with cordilans edged with the same fabric. The cotton blading marries the cordigan to the dress, and avoids the knitting being tugged out of shape.

For small boys who are blazer-conscious, there are beach blazers in cotton decorated by the stripes of mythical colleges, which won't come to grief if they're splashed by sea water.

Instead of the usual tennis shoes, which get clammy in hot weather, there are this year for children cool pumps made from denim, cotton pique or nylon net, punctured at intervals with ventilation holes.

Most children find sandals difficult to keep on. The buckles come off, the straps cut into their feet, but these new soft beach shoes are good to play about in, and don't let in too much sand. And if they're caught in their tidal wave, they dry rapidly.

But even the joys of Brighton beach pall in comparison with television. So if their hotel possesses a set, the family's afternoon activities are liable to be curtailed in honour of children's hour. And to grope just how seriously the young take their TV, someone has now designed glamorous junior-sized housecoat, in crimson velvet, with a quilted skirt and a zip, for the television hostess who wants to start young.

"SHE KNOWS HOW to dress well" they say when an elegant woman walks into the room.

And there, for sure, is a woman who has learned a lot of costly fashion lessons. She looks so smart now but you should have seen her once upon a time...

It's a long, sad trail, learning how to dress, and the milestones are little piles of clothes you wish you'd never bought. It's a bitter business learning how to distinguish between what's good value for you and what's a waste of

money. Between what's your line and what's somebody else's. Between what ought to look smart on you and what actually does.

Just now—when women everywhere are grappling with the ifs and buts of summer fashion—"Womansense Page" invites people with a reputation for elegance to share their experience in good dressing.

First of the women with a fashion catechism worth hearing: Mrs. Roy Boulting, wife of the British film producer.

Yes, if you put me in a sack, I'll stitch a rose on it!

"I'm all for suffering for the sake of good dressing," said Mrs. Boulting—and in a single sentence revealed the basic belief of her fashion catechism.

The woman who was speaking is a noted beauty, a mother of four small children, and the keeper of an elegant house in Chelsea. She has the figure of a model girl, light, soft brown hair, blue eyes, and an air of long ago about her face.

She has the three assets a girl needs to look her best—some leisure, some money, and a husband who notices what she wears.

"I never want to put on something inelegant that's no trouble at all. I'd rather spend three hours washing and ironing a dress I like."

"I'll never buy a ready-made summer dress again. The ones I see never suit me. I find material I like and have it made

up at a dressmaker's. I know it's a trick, but to my mind it's the only way to get just what I want."

"I'll never try to alter the style of a hat again by cutting the brim off, reblicking the crown, or retreating the shape. It's hopeless to try to give this year's look to last year's hat."

"I'll never choose topsies evening dresses again. They are so hard to wear with any distinction. Did you ever see a topsie dress with a full skirt that looked different from any other?"

"I'll never wear a stiffened petticoat again. They shred nylon, ruin the line of a dress by sliding out too far, and it's agony when you sit down. My solution is to have more material in the skirt or press an extra petticoat or two."

"I'll never wear scarlet lipstick for the evening again. It goes black and hard. Instead, I wear soft pinky shades."

"I'll never put on rouge again. I like a pale face with

STUDY the Boulting theory of elegance—that half an inch makes all the difference in good dressing. The picture shows—

The curved neckline made half an inch smaller or half an inch deeper would lose its particular elegance.

The black thread round her neck worn half an inch higher or half an inch lower would destroy the even proportions between neck, throat, shoulder and dress.

The silver rings in her ears hung half an inch shorter would be hidden by hair; worn half an inch longer would mix with the neck band.

dark eyes, not a flushed face with pale eyes."

"I'll never spend money on expensive suede gloves again. After a single cleaning they look like rags. I'll buy pretty cotton gloves instead."

"I'll never wear separates again. No matter how many tops and bottoms you have to ring-the-changes, they all look like the same dress."

"I'll never forget that pink is what to wear with a white dress. PINK. Pale pink gloves, pale pink roses, pale pink ribbon."

"I'll never wear real flowers again. Somehow the flower imparts its own wilted look to the wearer."

"I could go on for ever. That's what I like about fashion. There's no end to it. If you put me in a sack I'd stitch on a rose."

GHISLAINE ALEXANDER

ARE DIAMONDS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND? I DOUBT IT....

ARE diamonds a girl's best friend? They can be—if she knows how to wear them! But how many women do?

I'm not talking about heirlooms. Few of us have them; but when they are dug out of the banks we can beat the world. It is costume jewellery that trips us up. For sheer dazzle of rhinestone rocks American women win hands down.

How do you choose jewellery? To look attractive in itself or to suit your personality?

Remember the eye is attracted by light and a well-chosen jewel can illuminate your face like a spot-lighted picture. Don't buy something just because it looks pretty or happens to be fashionable—jewellery should be used to accentuate your best features and minimise your worst. If you have a long thin face don't wear dangling ear-rings to lengthen it. If you have the kind of hands you want to sit on, fight shy of rings.

Decide on your own personal highlight.

Passion for pearls!

The colour of your eyes is very important. If they are blue—sapphire, aquamarine or turquoise will lighten the colour; if they are dark diamonds will increase their depth and brilliance. If you have dark eyes and like wearing blue stones a touch of blue or green eye shadow is a great help and almost creates the illusion of blue eyes.

The passion for pearls has become almost a joke. But whether the inevitable string comes from a jeweller or from a chain-store—choose it with care.

Pearls vary enormously in colour: a dark sunburst skin

can take a creamy shade, while a fair skin looks better with one of the more pinky tones. And, if you have a short neck, DON'T wear string necklaces. A slightly longer string will make all the difference to the picture. Of course, if your neck is of the elegant, swan-like variety, chokers won't worry you. You can even sport an Edwardian dog-collar if you feel in the mood.

Crinolines have switched the spotlight on to Victorian jewellery—not worn in the Victorian manner with the bosom fastened like a pincushion. Fascinating new necklaces taken from old designs look lovely and are flattering to wear. Even lockets and pendants are back.

But these delicate pieces—like crinolines—look their best on women of not more than average height. If, like me, you are tall, make the most of your extra inches by wearing a large chunky brooch or broad necklace of the kind that wise small women avoid.

For tall women...

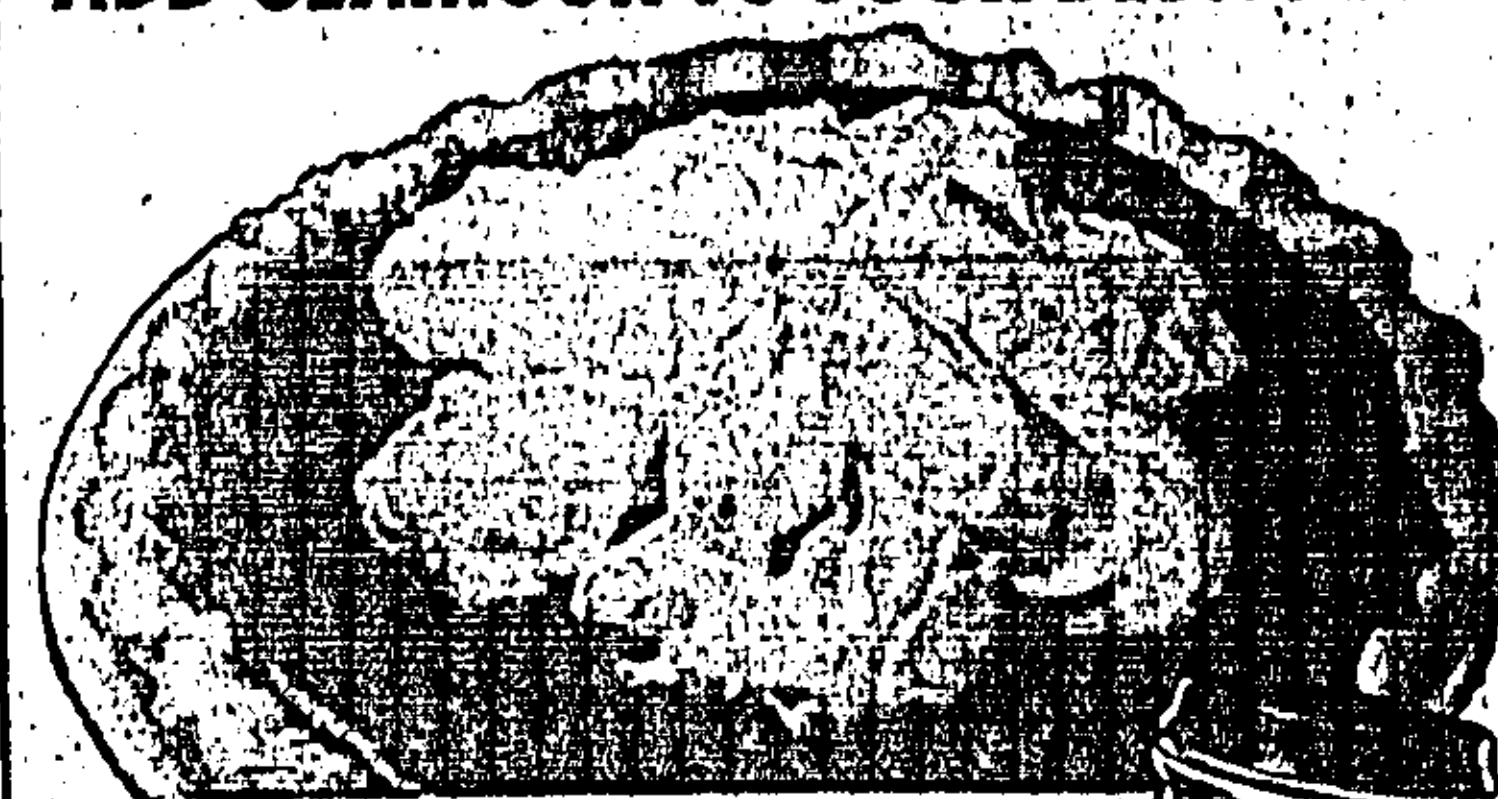
One of the nicest things about being tall is that one can carry a really big piece of jewellery without looking overdressed. Only one piece, though. Beware of the Christmas tree look.

Concentrate on good design. The Koh-i-noor can blaze alone, but costume sparklers need craftsmanship. A clever design is worth hunting for—and when you've found it, wear it. One satisfying piece is worth a box full of trinkets.

Lastly, keep your jewellery clean. Most of the stuff I see is just plain dirty, but the wearers would be shocked if I told them so. Remember that the warmth of the skin clouds both diamonds and paste, and a little jeweller's rouge used dry with a soft brush on stones or metal will keep the brilliance. Even if all that glitters is not gold, it is still the glitter that counts.

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Luscious whipped cream glamour... pure, safe country-fresh Avoset Whipping Cream is perfect for pies, cakes, and puddings. Also delicious on hot chocolate or cocoa. Use the economical quart-size for parties.

Also try AVOSET Table Grade for coffee, cereals, and fruit.

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It's the wick that does the trick!

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Style
and
Elegance...

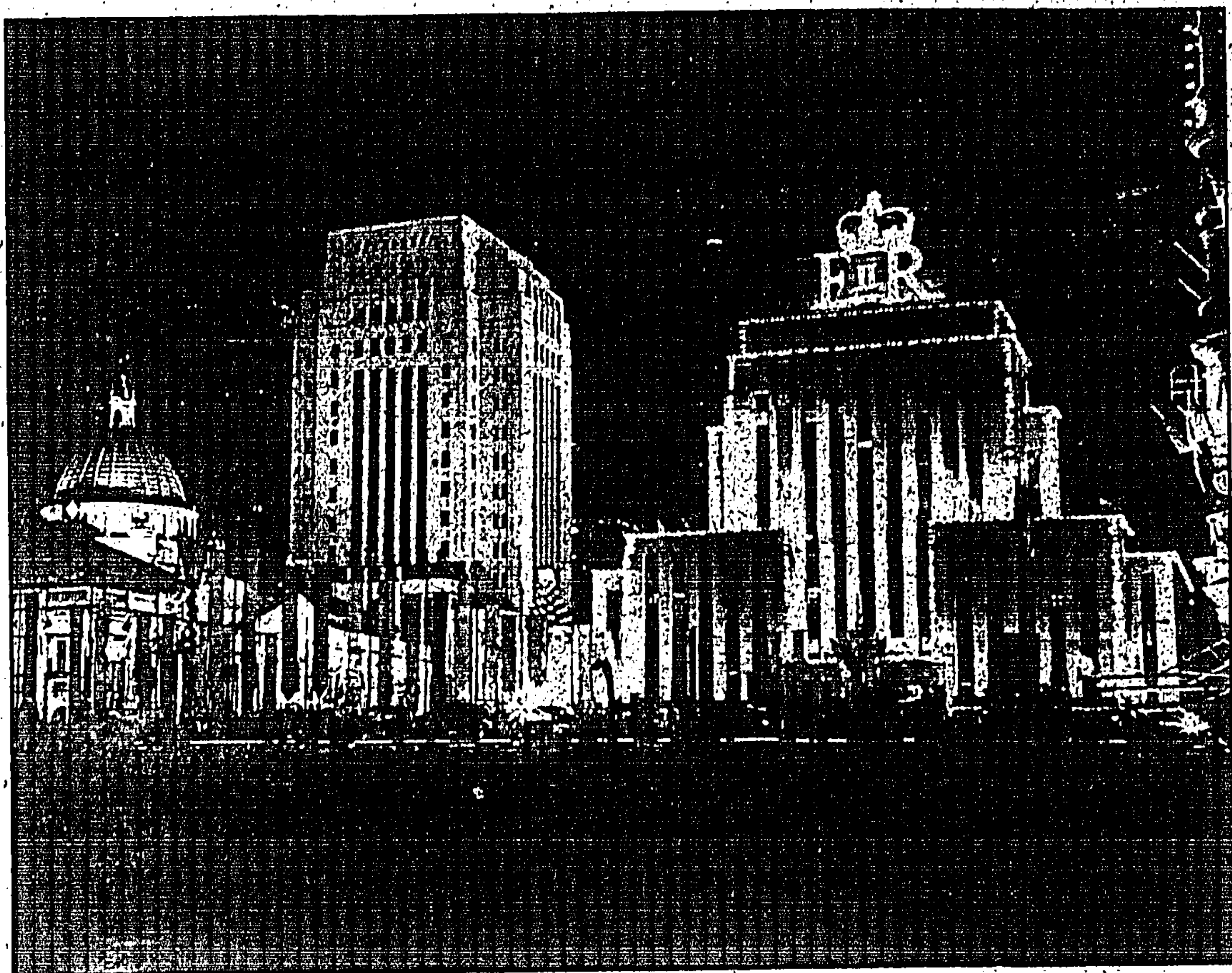


SWISS IMPORT, EXPORT TRADING CO. LTD.
Sole Agents for H.K. Macao & China

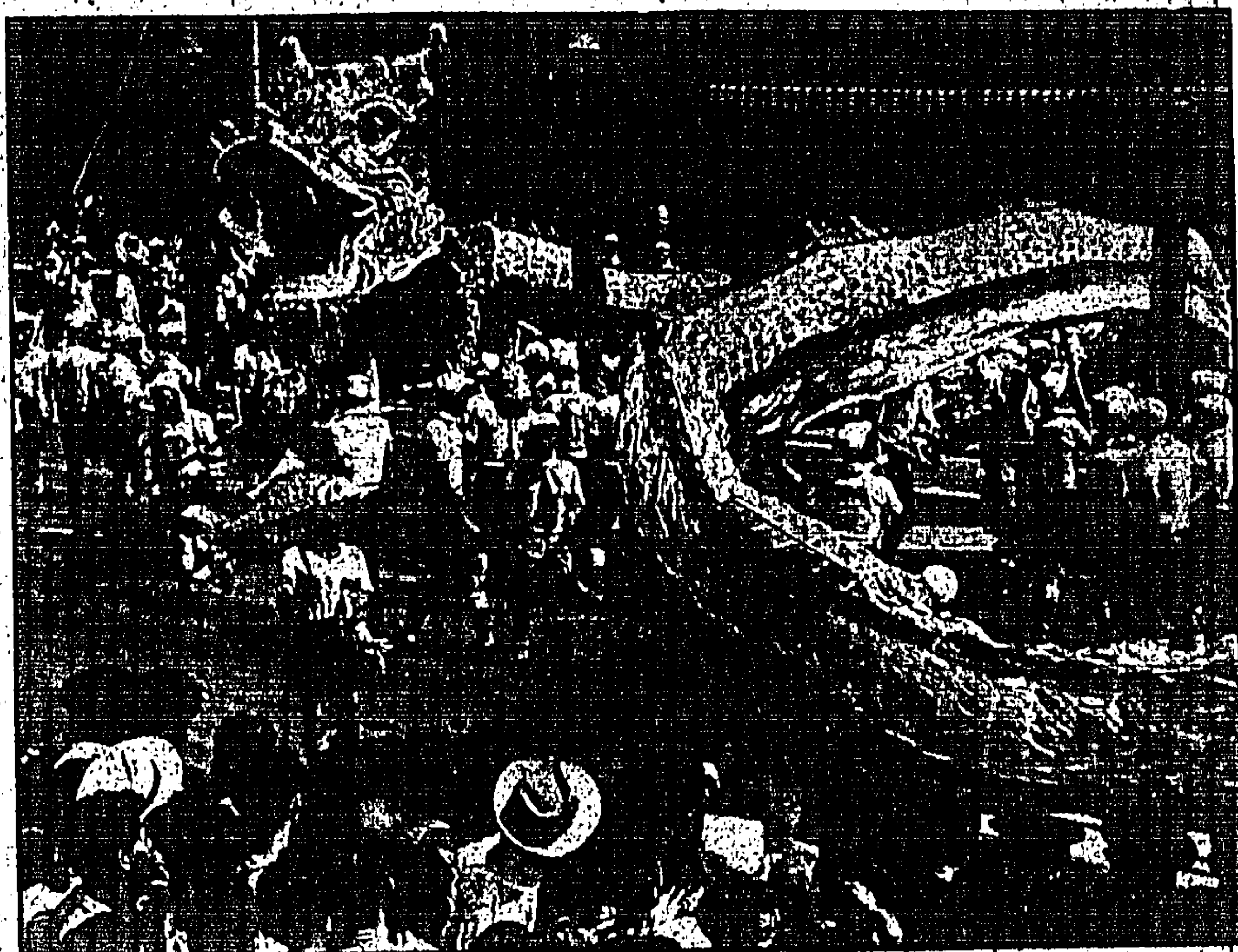


Left: In Horrockses is this boy's play-suit made up in short, tough corduroy. Right: A small girl's party frock, by Horrockses is made in nylon, needs little or no ironing, and dries within a few minutes.

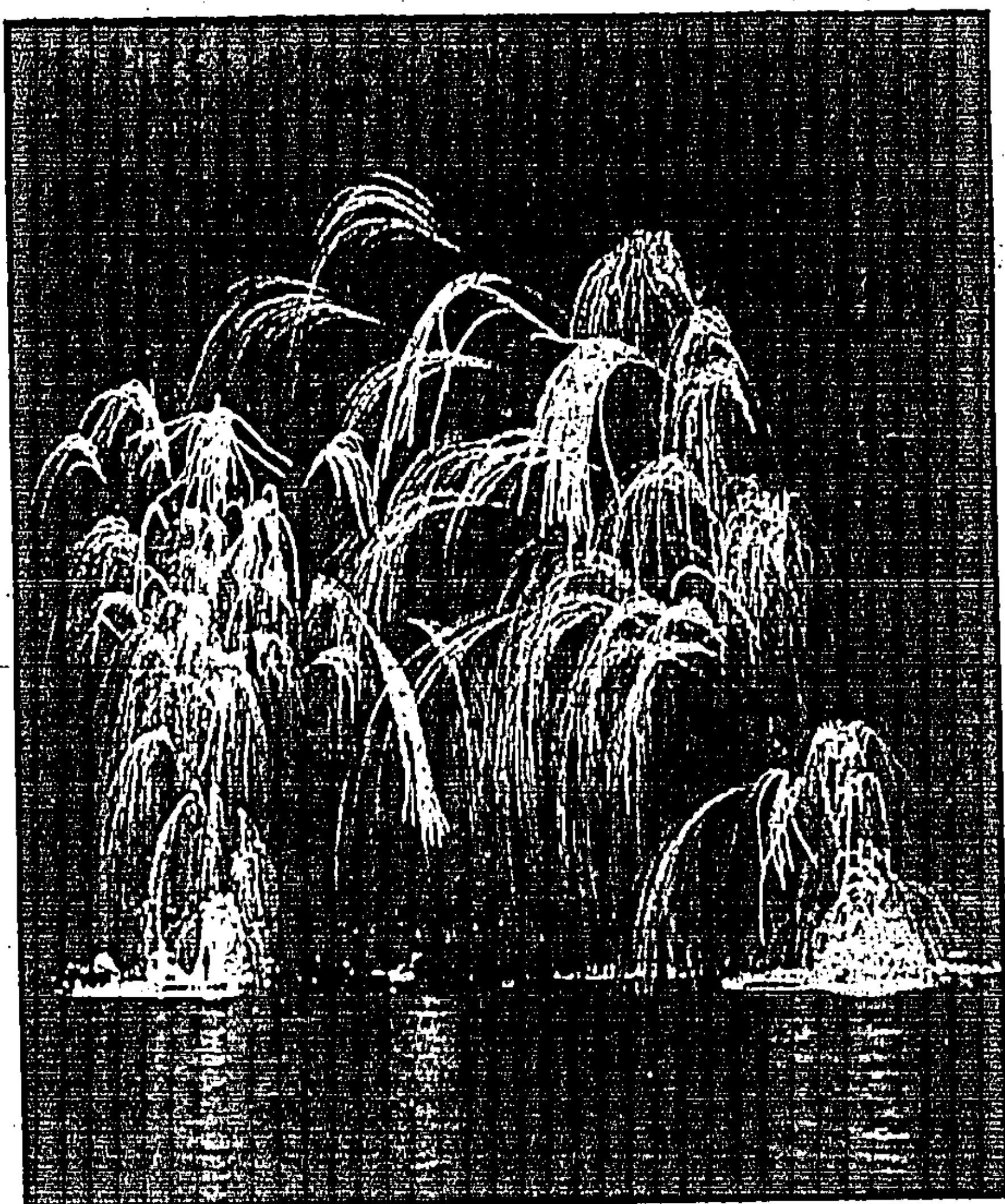
CORONATION PHOTO COMPETITION WINNERS



THIS night scene of Statue Square, entered by Mr Laung Hing-lau, was awarded the First Prize of \$350.



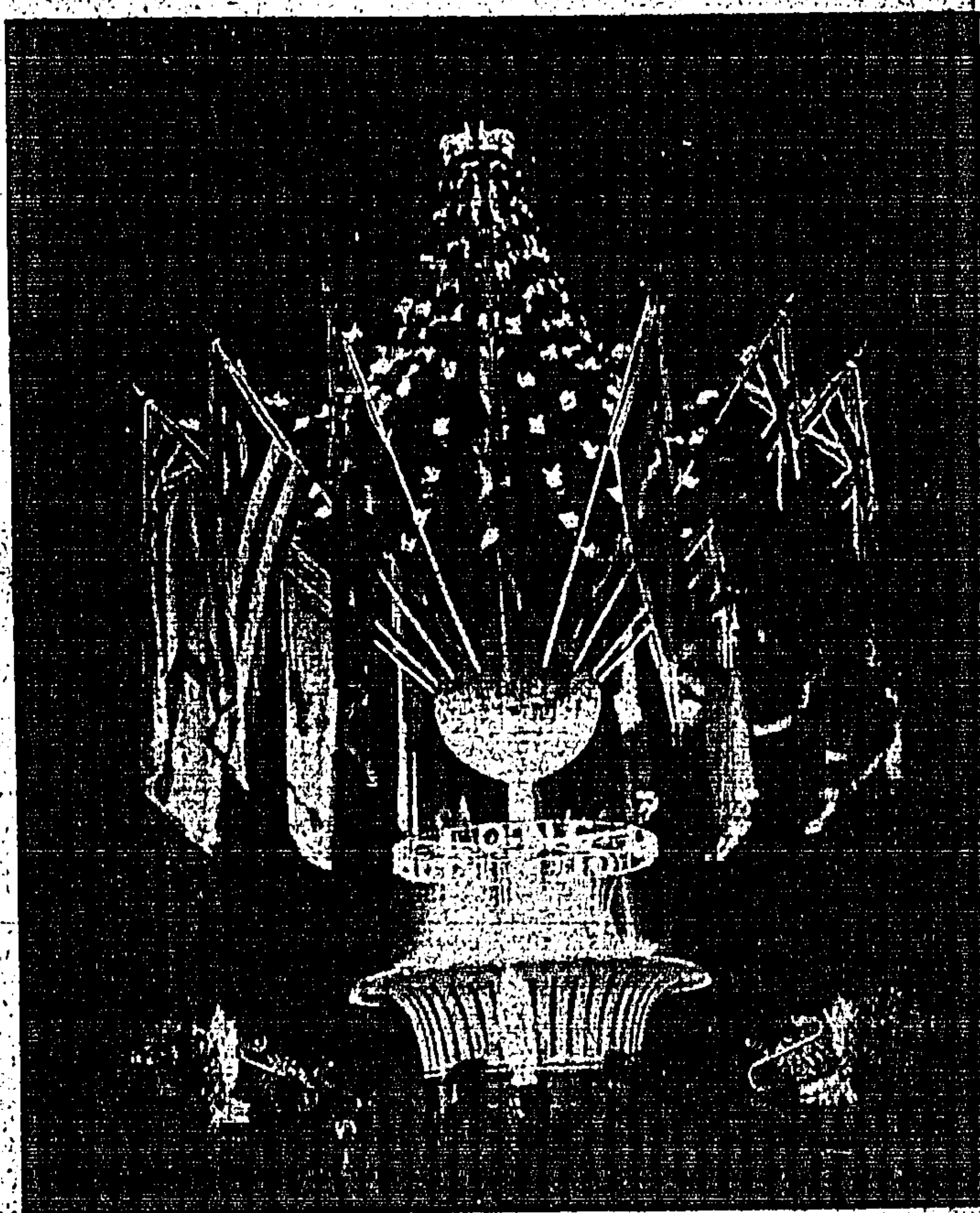
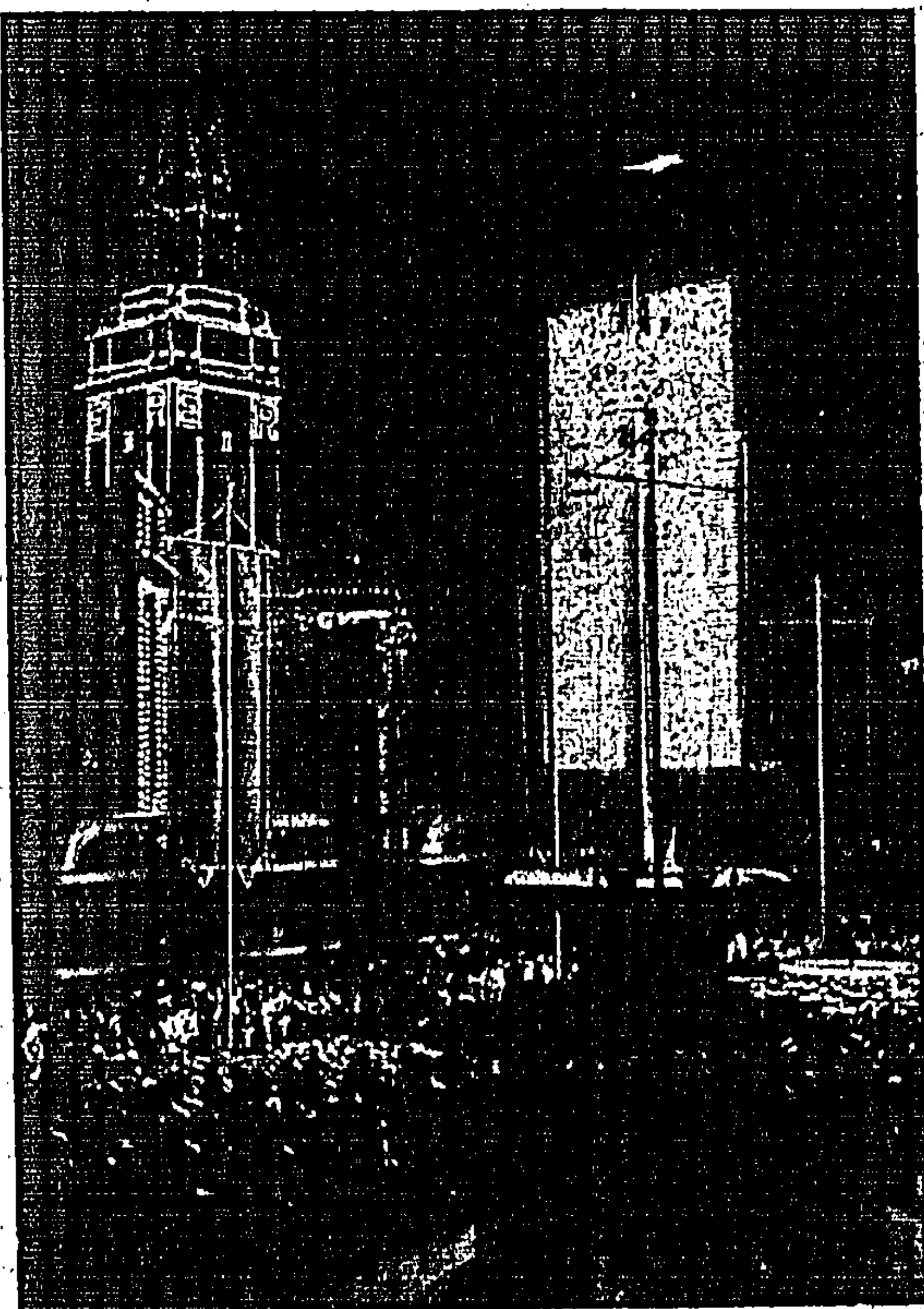
MR Lai Yat-fung's picture, "The Golden Dragon," winner of the Second Prize of \$200.



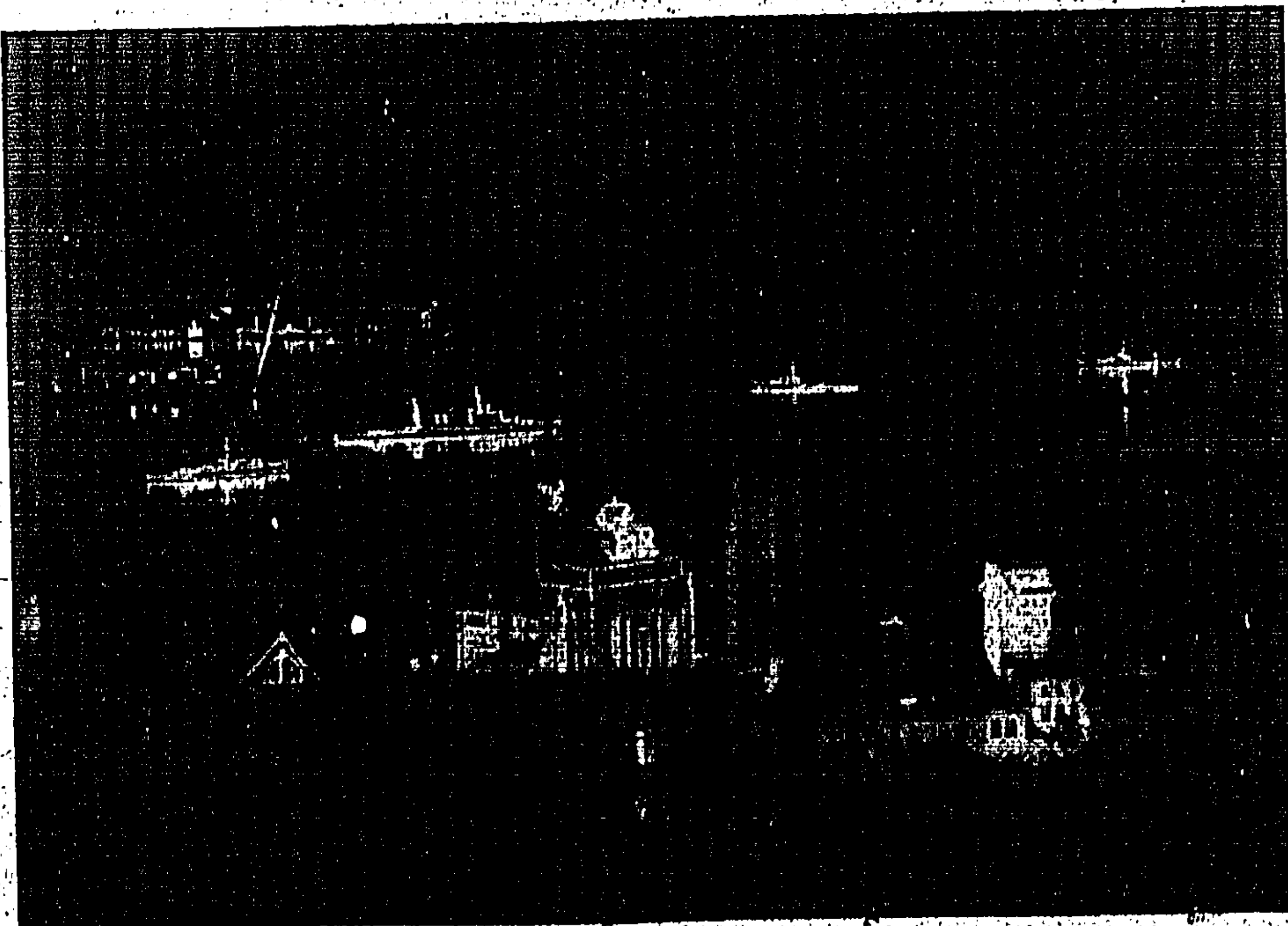
LEFT: Winner of a \$50 prize — Mr Patrick Young's picture of fireworks.



RIGHT: Another \$50 prizewinner—Mr. Chah Ko-lam's picture of the Kowloon ferry concourse at night.



WINNER of the Third Prize of \$100: Mr Ko Kam-po's picture of the Statue Square skylon.



FOR this night scene of the harbour, Mr Ng Sul-cheong was awarded a \$50 prize.

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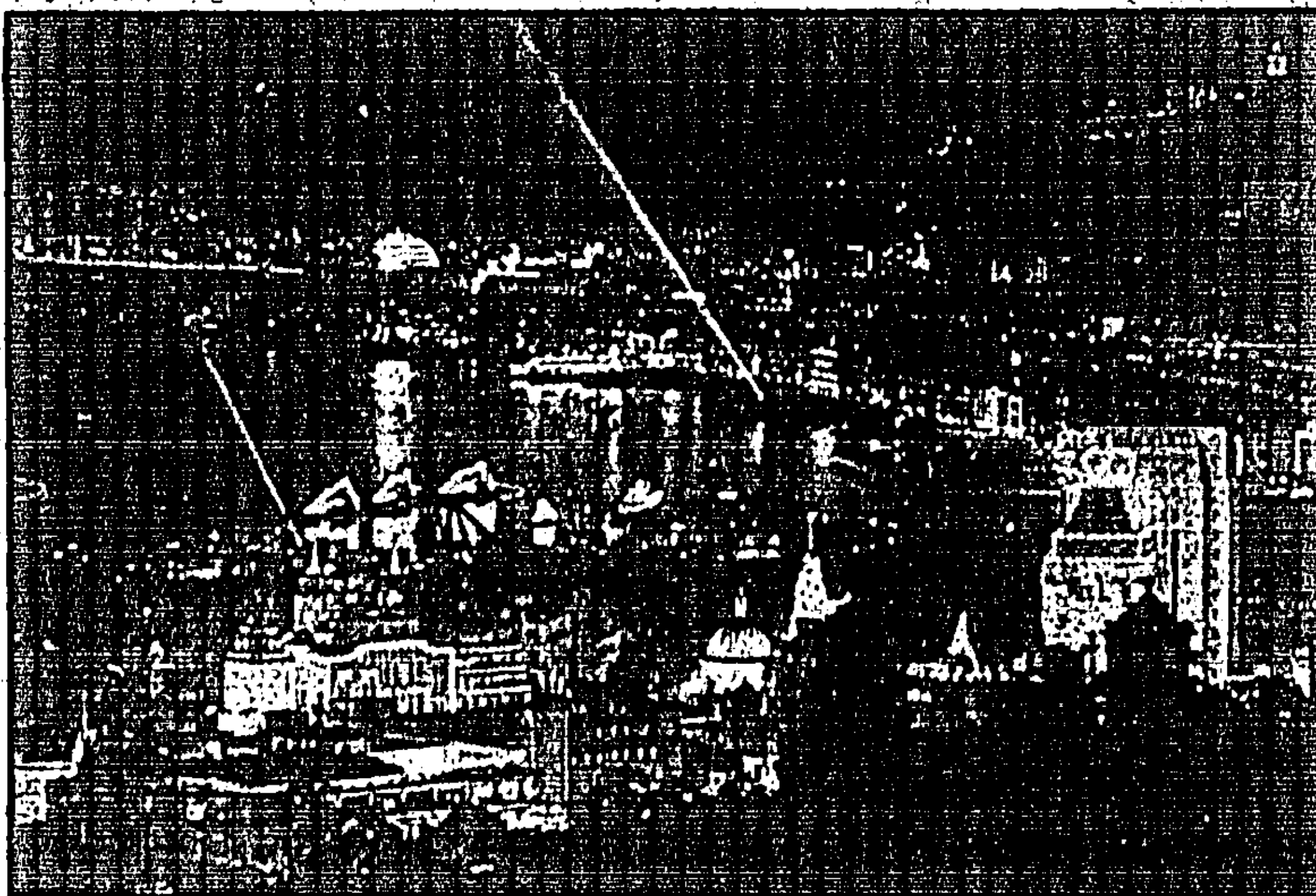
GILMAN'S
GLOUCESTER ARCADE TELEPHONE 32481



AWARDED a \$25 prize: Mr. Ko Kam-po's picture of fireworks.



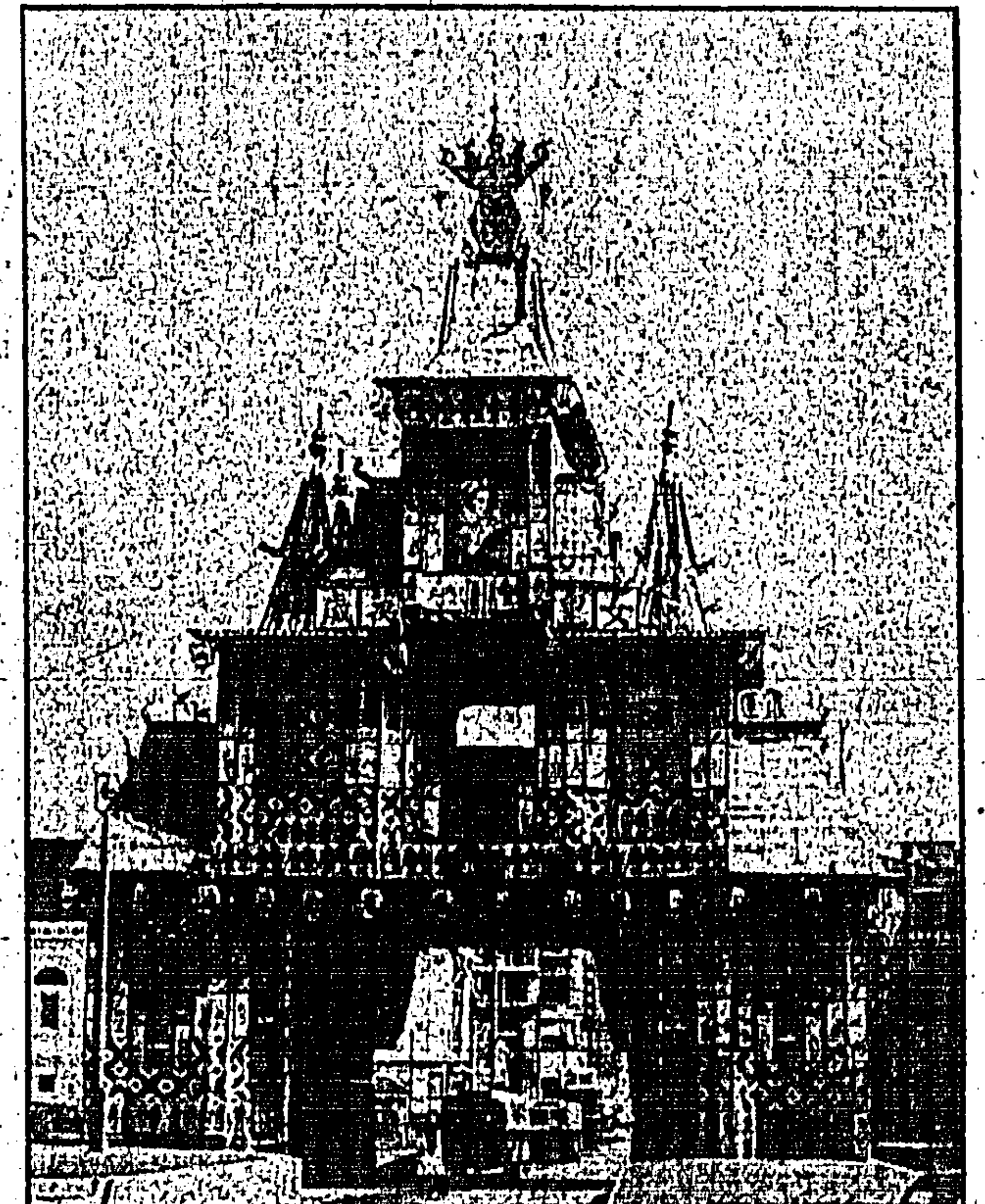
"THE Silver Dragon at Pingshan," which won another \$25 prize for Mr. Lai Yat-fung.



MR Chan Wing-tong's Hongkong night scene, winner of a \$25 prize.



ANOTHER winner of a \$25 prize, Mr. C. C. Ma's picture of Des Voeux Road at night.

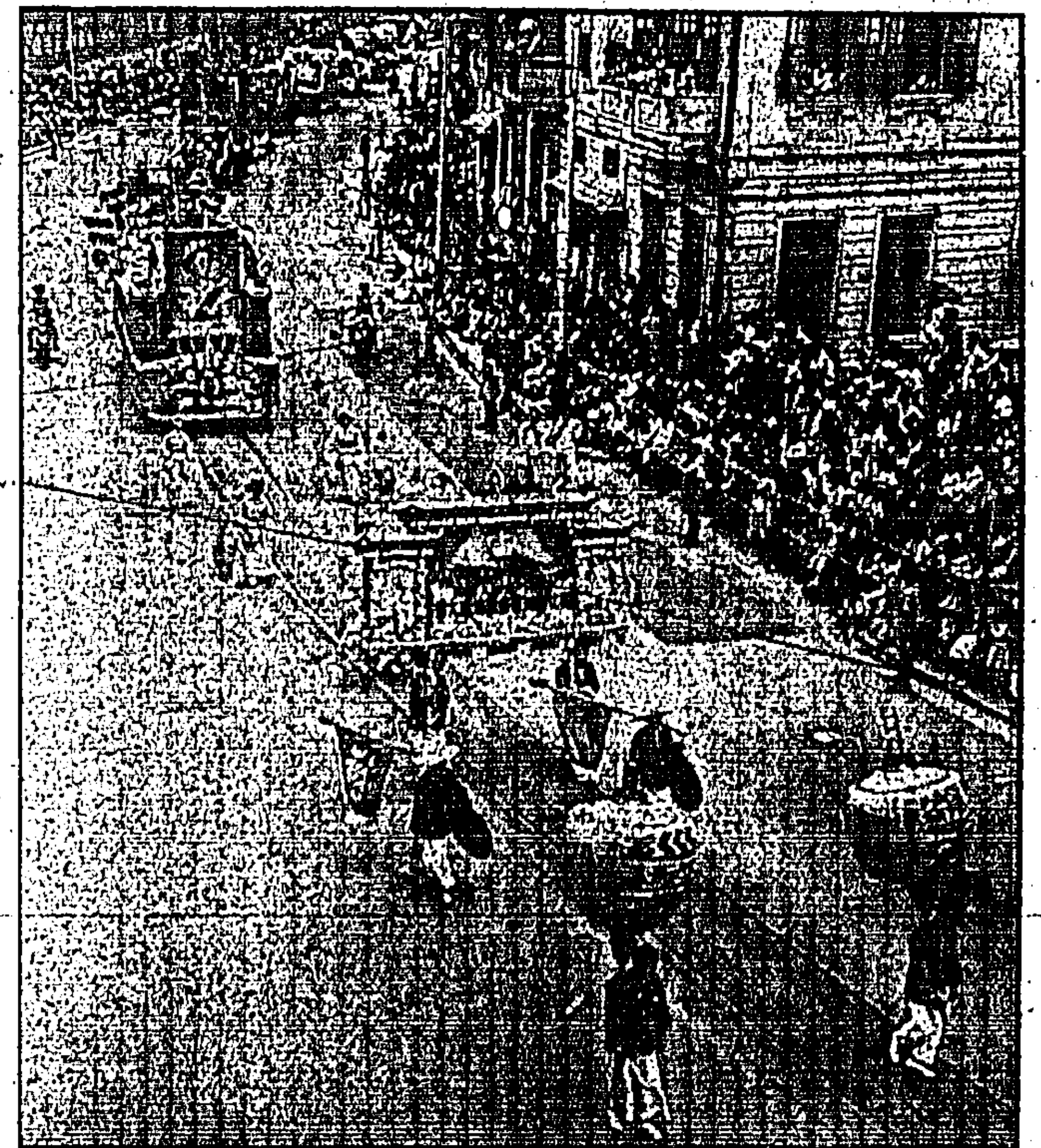


MR Lai Yat-fung's picture of the official pailau on Nathan Road, which won a \$25 prize.

MORE SUCCESSFUL PRINTS

Over 250 photographs were entered in the competition, which was open to all. The Statue Square and Star Ferry concourse decorations and illuminations, together with the dragon processions and fireworks displays, were the most favoured subjects. Technically, the standard of photography was high.

RIGHT: Coronation procession at Happy Valley, entered by Mr Alex C. C. Chen, which won a \$25 prize.



ANOTHER study of "The Golden Dragon," by Mr. Lai Yat-fung, which won a \$50 prize.

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DES VOEUX ROAD.

Buildings Must Be Buoyant

from
LES ARMOUR

London. Sir Hugh Casson, Britain's leading crusader for modern architecture, is a man who makes his living out of dream castles. And, one day—in the very near future, his latest creations are going to come tumbling down around his ears.

Sir Hugh, 42, small and impetuous, is the man who designed the Coronation decorations for the City of Westminster—the coronets which seem to float unattached over the streets, the soaring golden cage which protects Eton in Piccadilly from the crowds, and the bold scarlet cape suddenly attached to King Charles in Trafalgar Square.

But Sir Hugh is getting used to seeing his creations crumble. His first big job came two years ago, when he was commissioned to design the Festival of Britain buildings on the South Bank.

FAIRYLAND

Of the sprawling fairyland which mushroomed overnight at the end of London's Hungerford Bridge, only the Royal Festival-Hall remains. But he is one of the fathers of a revolution which is sweeping the world.

Long before he ever got a chance at a major work, he wrote a dozen books and scores of magazine articles blasting the architecture he saw around him.

He likes his buildings to look like ballet dancers—on their tips. His favourite word is buoyancy. Buildings, he thinks, should appear to occupy the air, not the ground.

They should look spacious, and take advantage of geometric figures other than the oblong. The boxes in the main auditorium of Royal Festival Hall look like roller-coaster cars rolling down the wall.

Above all, he hates sham—phony stone fronts, imitations of mediaeval architecture, extraneous cluttering trimmings. He thinks buildings should have firm, clean lines. But they must sweep, not jut.

CENTRAL FIGURE

In architecture, his idea of good architecture bears little relation to the massive, square, concrete slabs the British Government is erecting all over London for its office workers. And that may be why the Government has so far shown a tendency to hire him for jobs they expect to tear down.

But if his influence on the Government is not vast, his influence on interior decorating

has been marked by his crusade against big, overstuffed furniture. This, he says, takes up too much room in modern overcrowded life, and it is not comfortable, anyhow. His designs fit the human shape, and leave the man, and not the furniture, the central figure in the room.

As a consequence, London stores are now full of slim, austere furniture in metal and wood which makes even the tiniest apartment look big.



BACKGROUND

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HOPEFUL PORTENTS AROUND THE QUEEN

By The
DUKE OF WINDSOR

IN a manner that he perhaps never intended, the monarch in my father's person came to exemplify the British ideal of the family man. In their King, his subjects saw a summing-up of the domestic virtues which, rightly or not, were widely regarded as peculiarly British—probity, forthrightness, sobriety, devoutness, moderation and a mistrust of innovations. In this image he came to fulfil Lord Rosebery's hopes for him as a monarch who would "strike the imagination," although one again might wonder whether the king as "family man" was exactly what that patrician statesman had in mind. That this indeed was how the British people regarded my father, and moreover, what they desired in their monarch, was demonstrated at the celebration of his Silver Jubilee in 1935.

The dominions and colonies overseas joined with the United Kingdom in a month-long carnival of homage which established beyond question that King George V had raised the prestige of monarchy to new heights. Even his imperturbable temperament was surprised and stirred, and never more than when he and my mother drove through the poorer quarters of London, through Limehouse, Whitechapel, Lambeth

and the London docks. The tumultuous welcome they received from the working people struck deeply into my father's emotions. On returning to the Palace he remarked almost in disbelief, "I'd no idea they felt like that about me."

It is, of course, too early to predict exactly how my niece will elect to employ the varied functions of monarchy in the interests of her subjects. It is perhaps enough to suggest here that the British Monarchy is not a fixed and static thing; rather it is an institution in continuous and enlightened evolution. That Queen Elizabeth will follow the example of her illustrious forbears by carrying the process of adaptation forward yet another step, I have no doubt.

SHE has already shown that essential instinct so well described by Lord Rosebery, of making herself felt and of striking the imagination of her people. In her first Christmas broadcast as Queen from Sandringham she said: "Many grave problems and difficulties confront us all, but with a new faith in the old and splendid beliefs given us by our forefathers and the strength to venture beyond the safeties of the past I know we shall be worthy of our duties."

This noble aspiration, which had long needed to be said in Britain, has been taken by many as a signal that she intends to seek to rekindle among her compatriots something of the spirit of adventure of the first Elizabethan Age. To be sure, a glance at the present position and circumstances of British power must suggest that this would not be an easy task. For the conditions that made possible the grandeur and glory of the first Elizabethan Age—the age of Drake, Frobenius, Hawkins, Raleigh and the other Englishmen who opened the sea routes and the "far lands" to British enterprise—have all but disappeared. And in any case the management of state affairs has long since passed from the monarch's hands.

Still, if British power is not what it once was, certain hopeful portents surround the young Queen. She is fortunate, indeed, at least to my way of thinking, that her reign should begin under the auspices of that great Englishman, Sir Winston Churchill, who in standing forth as the eloquent protagonist of a free society, has remained a staunch champion of the monarchy.

—Sir Winston has served six sovereigns. As a cavalry officer he fought in Queen Victoria's wars. He served both Edward VII and George V as a minister of the Crown. He was one of my councillors during my personal crisis in 1936 and as Prime Minister during the second World War he was my brother's constant adviser. Under his leadership the British have abandoned all thoughts of disengagement and disillusion which immediately after the war weighed so heavily on their spirit, stifling trade, deadening initiative and undermining the ambition and resourcefulness which had been named great. A young queen, then, in her realm a more authentic representative of Elizabethan audacity and imagination than her venerable Prime Minister.

THE history of the British monarchy over the last two hundred years is a curious study of the rhythmic alteration in the character and personality of the successive occupants of the throne. George III, though he knew his hours of unpopularity were numbered, was a man of great physical infirmities; yet he was himself a simple and upright man who left his mark as "Farmer George." George IV, his eldest son, had rejoined as Prince of Wales in the south of Wales in the south of Europe, but by the time he became king little survived of that elegant reputation. William IV had been in action against the Spanish fleet early in his naval career, but having been a somewhat absolute prince he became a dull and colourless king.

Victoria in her turn lifted from the crown the moral stigma of what she used to call "my wicked uncle." Then Edward VII, who enjoyed the society of witty men and beautiful women, who relished foreign travel and the savour of high diplomacy, restored to the monarchy the magnificence, the colour and the variety that had disappeared during George V's reign. By contrast, his mother's reign revivified in tone to that of Victoria's, becoming almost an echo of that era. Had mine run its full course it is possible that its mood and texture would have followed more that of Edward VII. That of my brother Bertie who followed me as George VI was almost a faithful reflection of my father's.

IT was natural that this should be. My brother was very much like my father. He was another family man with a happy home and children; he had the same zest for shopping and found the same abiding contentment in Sandringham and Balmoral. He collected stamps as had my father, and he made a hobby of collecting rare plants for his garden at Royal Lodge in Windsor Great Park; and there was the same disinterestedness in foreign ideas and the same disinclination for foreign travel. "This old country of ours is quite good enough for me," I have heard my father declare; I am sure my brother would have said the same.

The parallelism of their natures was extended even to the major events of their reigns. My brother's first years as King were overshadowed, as had been my father's, by the resurgence of German aggression; the second World War overtook his reign even more swiftly than the first had overtaken my father's. He and my sister-in-law Elizabeth both shared with the people the dangers and strain of the blitzes and Buckingham Palace was not spared. Much sooner than my father had been, he was confronted by a socialist government.

The constant strain to which King George VI was subjected by his constitutional and representative duties was augmented towards the end of his reign by the pain and anguish of falling health and of two major operations. And I am not insensible of the fact that through a decision of mine he was projected into sovereign responsibilities that may at first have weighed heavily upon him. It fell to him to carry through the most difficult phase of the social revolution which began in my grandfather's time. His was an untimely and greatly mourned but he lived long enough to see that totalitarianism in any form is not congenial to the British national character. But what must have been equally satisfying to him was to see his eldest child grow into womanly maturity; to see her married to a young man of resolute character, and endowed with a modern mind, and to see the succession firmly assured by the birth of two grandchildren.

THE END

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EISENHOWER MAY SPRING SURPRISES AT BERMUDA

By PATRICK MAITLAND, MP

London. At five o'clock one morning, recently a tired member of the British Parliament, leaning against the Clerk's desk in the Division Lobby awaiting his turn to vote. An all-night sitting was drawing to its close.

As he leaned against the desk a fresher voice, though coming from an older man, bade him: "Move up, young man; I'm just as tired as you are."

Such is one of a cage of stories told of Sir Winston Churchill. Whether true or apocryphal it is in keeping; more important, it carries a moral.

To be the Head of Government under a Parliamentary system is to take on an immense, exhausting work. That is not made less true by the fact that in the case of Sir Winston any conversation discloses his astonishing power to concentrate on what he is being told, to grasp whatever new idea, problem or situation may be put to him; and, often enough, to resolve a fresh solution.

HEAVY BURDENS

WHERE the constitution demands of a Government chief that he belong to the Legislature, as well as preside over the Cabinet itself, very heavy burdens are imposed, as events march more rapidly, with more intense communications, the greater is the burden on whoever would master and mould events. This, in turn

means comprehending them beforehand.

Here both the British Prime Minister and the United States President have devised important, but different facilities. At the height of the war, for instance, Sir Winston said of Raymond Gram Scavo, a radio news commentator that it was difficult to understand current events without listening to him.

That was the sober assertion of a wartime chief with all the resources of the British Intelligence, let alone of the Diplomatic Service, at his disposal. He was saying, in effect, that a statesman, like anybody else, can lose the wood for the trees; and that in any series of phenomena, which is necessarily incomplete, the shrewd interpreter needs to simplify what he sees or hears, and then to let his instinct or intuition play a part in his judgment.

The problem for a Chief Executive is to find the time for such reflective activities, indeed to arrange matters so that he obtains enough leisure.

SWIFT DECISIONS

MR Eisenhower has tackled the problem in a new way, which is not yet understood fully and because of which he is often blamed for lagging behind Congress.

He has set up a Staff system at the White House, with a Chief of Staff and other officers to whom he has delegated authority to make many decisions hitherto expected of the President himself.

This has left him time to think and in that feature, made him different from any recent predecessor.

It explains why at the Bermuda Conference he may well be fitted to take decisions of

tremendous import for his own country's foreign policy. For he will not only have had the chance fully to master his briefs; he will have had leisure for reflecting about them.

That is why, in contrast to the note of frustration and even despair that haunted Whitehall a month back about the lagging approach of the new administration to current issues in economics and diplomacy, the world may now see decisions pour out in swift succession.

Events have, of course, moved faster than Mr Eisenhower's Staff system had hoped, so that his Staff officers, newly into their jobs, have themselves received a jolt.

MOST COMPLEX

BUT reports reaching me from persons close to the President make it clear that Mr Eisenhower will be on hand with ideas about Korea that may even be unpopular, with ideas about the dollar gap and the convertibility of Sterling, to say nothing of tariff policy, which will confound the critics.

Perhaps the most earnest subject in also the most complex—the question of preparing a meeting with Malenkov. Certain inside reports in which it is proper to place confidence insist that Mr Eisenhower has already made up his mind to meet the Russian chief, and he has already decided how to "sell" this to his public.

The chosen technique is to appear reluctant, and to bow to British pressure. That programme, it may be supposed, has Sir Winston's assent. Indeed, the idea was worked out and agreed before the Prime Minister's speech.

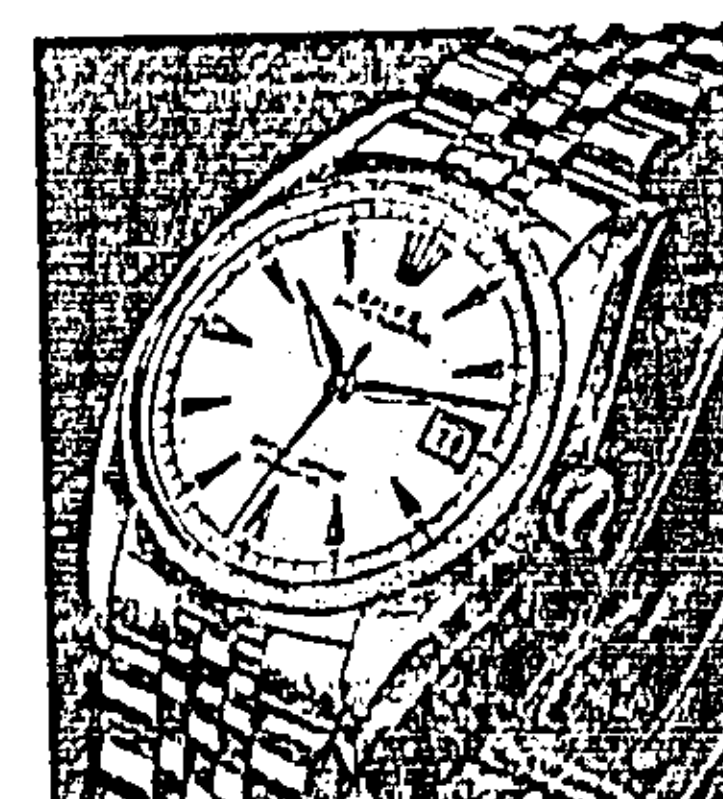
This ingenious Chinese Candle Clock probably belongs to the latter half of the Chow Dynasty. As the flame burns through each string, a weight dropped on to a metal plate, thus sounding the hours.

Twenty-five centuries in Time

MORE than two and a half thousand years ago, the Chinese told the time by means of this magnificent Candle Clock. In principle, it is the essence of simplicity. A slow-burning taper lies on a group of evenly spaced wire supports, and burns, one by one, lengths of string weighted at either end and set at intervals above the flame. As these weights are burnt through, they fall into a brass tray placed below, the sound marking the

periods visibly and audibly. Behold—the first alarm clock!

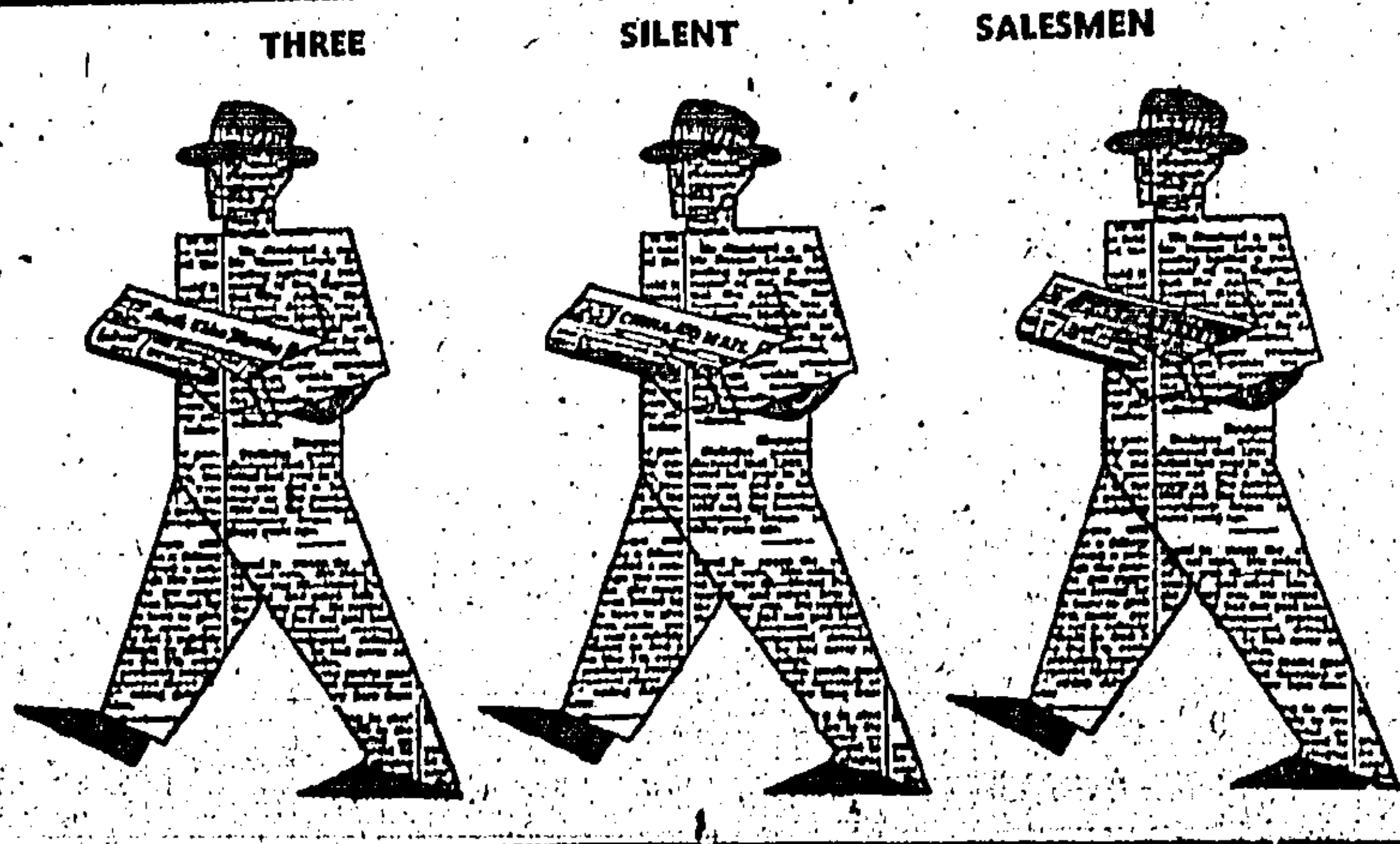
The progress achieved in the years since the ancient Candle Clock is evidenced by the elegant and accurate wrist-watches worn by discriminating men in every walk of life. Finest flowering of this progress and development is the Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust, combining as it does all the skills and crafts born of centuries of experience. In the Rolex Datejust are embodied three unique features which place it in the forefront of modern wrist-watch design: the famous waterproof Oyster case, which protects the intricate movement from dust, damp and grit as well as from water; the exclusive Rolex Perpetual self-winding "rotor," which silently and efficiently keeps the watch wound automatically; and the calendar mechanism which automatically shows the date in a neat window on the dial. All these features, together with breathtaking accuracy, precision and elegance of design, make the Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust a unique chronometer, treasured by every proud possessor.



The Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust—according to the latest degree, compact and elegant—marks the greatest advance in modern wrist-watch design. Waterproof by the famous Oyster case; self-winding; and automatically showing the date in a neat window on the dial. It incorporates all the features most wanted in a wrist-chronometer of today.

The Rolex Red Seal is a sign used by Rolex to signify that the watch to which it is attached has successfully passed the tests of a Swiss Government Official Testing Station and has been awarded its own Official Timing Certificate, together with the great title of chronometer. Every Rolex Datejust carries the Red Seal.

ROLEX
A landmark in the history of Time measurement



UP GOES THE COST OF AMERICAN WEDDINGS

New York. UP goes the cost of weddings, for the dress-making industry reports that wedding gowns must be "more courtly."

Satin, damasks, silk brocades, velvets, and lace should be modelled on the Queen's Coronation gown, it seems.

Already the average American father spends one-fifth of a year's earnings on his daughter's first wedding. That means about \$350. But there is a rich harvest of wedding gifts—worth an average of \$1,500.

If she divorces and remarries, her second wedding will cost only \$350. Down, too, goes the value of the second lot of wedding gifts, to \$300.

The typical 1953 bride is 20

THE Rev. Maclyn Lindstrom guarantees his weddings against divorce. In Erie, Pennsylvania, he insists on premarriage "counseling" of couples who ask him to marry them.

If he believes their chance for happiness is not great he says, "No."

In eight years about 40 of the more than 200 couples he married returned to him with their troubles.

But not one divorce yet.



there had been talk of a million-ton loan of the wheat.

The other 300,000 tons will be given later, if needed.

A TRIUMPH for British music and for the music of Benjamin Britten at the City Centre Ballet.

While a spotlight played on the royal coat of arms, an audience of 3,000 stood and hummed their way through the unfamiliar British national anthem. But they burst out loudly on the final line, "God Save The Queen."

They watched ballets to the music of Sir Arnold Bax and Britten, including the world premiere of "Fun Fare," based on Britten's "A Young Person's Guide to The Theatre."

Then the orchestra played Sir William Walton's "Orb and Sceptre" march, written for the Queen's entry into the Abbey.

In the middle, the curtain went up. There in the spotlight on a sort of throne glittered exact copies of the orb and sceptre, with the crown of St. Edward and the Queen's coronation robe.

I have seen nothing more breath-catching on a New York stage this season than the coronation.

tunes and dancing in this ballet.

CONSTABLE JOSEPH DROZ drew his pistol in Brooklyn's Silver-Rail bar.

From behind a table he started shooting at four hold-up men who had revolvers and sawn-off shotguns. And off they scampered, dropping two loaded weapons and forgetting their getaway car.

CHARLIE the lion (offspring of a tiger and lioness) is not long for this world.

Central Park Zoo officials can find nothing wrong physically. Purely mental they say; thinks he is a misfit.

(Rant), the London zoo's lion, died in 1932; at Manchester's Belle Vue Zoo named Maud died in 1940 aged 17.

BRITISH travel officials face a tough competition from other European agents for tourist dollars now that the Coronation tonic is over.

For example, there is a 45-day safari through the Belgian Congo for 2,200 dollars (£800), big-game hunting about £430 extra. And a five weeks' wine-drinking tour of France for 1,100 dollars.

"The French tour is quite a success," says a travel agent. "They never know where they go."

SNOOKER

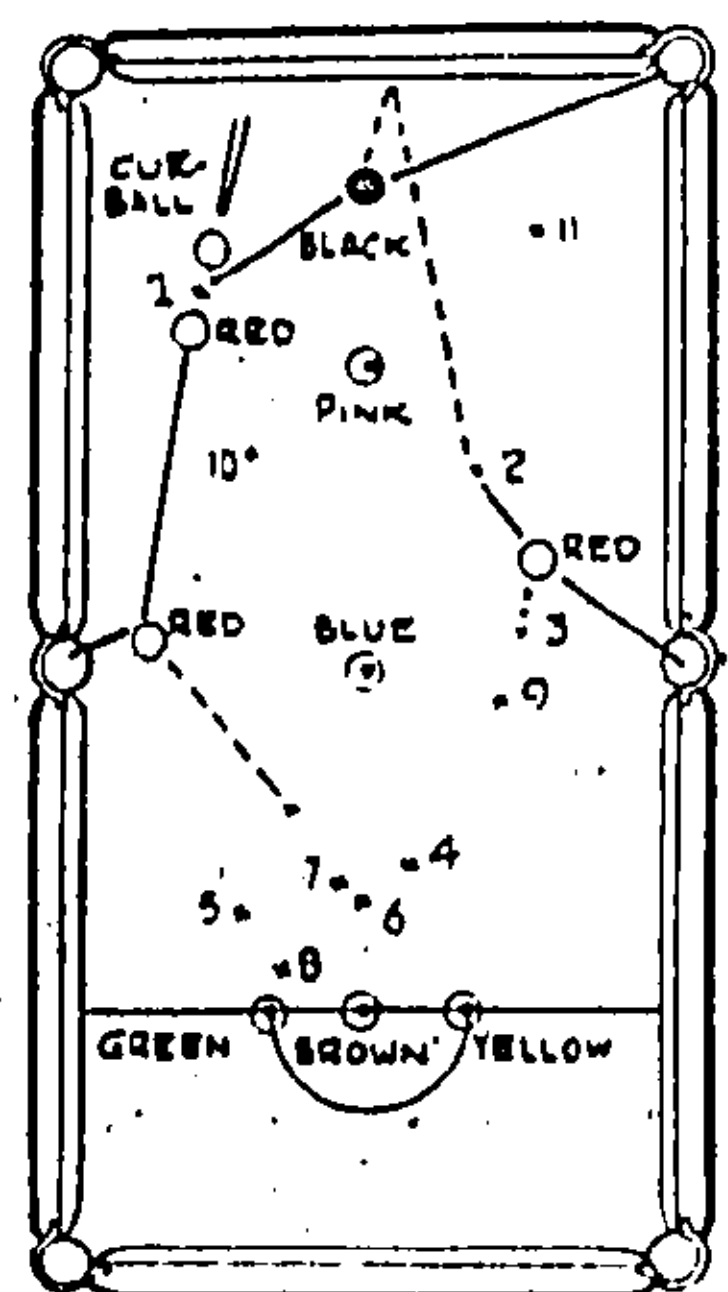
By Horace Lindrum

On the diagram I left you with last week, I would first knock the red that lies in front of the cue-ball in-off the red lying over the middle left-hand pocket. The white ball would stop on the spot marked XI.

My next stroke would be to pot the black into the top right-hand corner pocket. The cue-ball should be struck high to come off the top cushion to travel up the table in order to gain position on the red for the middle right-hand pocket, X2.

I would now pot the red into the middle right-hand pocket and run-through gently to the spot marked X3 for the blue, thus ensuring a favourable position for continuing the break.

Addressing the white ball low I would now aim to pot the blue into the middle left-hand



pocket and screw into position X4 for the last remaining red.

In potting this into the middle left-hand pocket I would run-through to the left-side bank cushion to come off and finish in position for the yellow, X5.

From X5 the yellow is potted into the bottom right-hand corner pocket with a little check side to come off the bottom right-hand cushion and finish in position once again for the yellow, X6.

The yellow is now potted into the bottom right-hand corner pocket—cue-ball struck low to screw back into position for the green, X7.

When practising from this position take great care with the potting of the green into the bottom left-hand corner pocket. The cue-ball has to be struck low and delicately screwed back into position for the brown, X8.

I would now address the white ball underneath for potting the brown into the bottom right-hand corner pocket, sharply screwing into position for the blue, X9.

Potting the blue into the middle left-hand pocket is quite simple, but a steady stroke is required to run through for position on the pink, X10.

I would now strike the white ball high for potting the pink into the top right-hand corner pocket and run through to position myself for the black into the top left-hand corner pocket, X11.



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LAWN BOWLS LEAGUE

UPSETS AND RECREIO'S FOUR VICTORIES FEATURED

LAST WEEK'S RESULTS

By "TOUCHER"

Last Saturday's full programme of Lawn Bowls League matches produced a number of highlights.

First there was the sweeping success of Club de Recreio who for the second week won all their four matches and who further consolidated their position at the head of the First and Second Division League tables.

Their Third Division team, though fifth in the League, standing, claimed the honour of inflicting on KCC their first defeat of the season.

Second feature of the week's games was the great number of upsets. In the First Division, Craigengower Cricket Club surprised even the most ardent of their supporters by taking the maximum points from Kowloon Cricket Club.

This was, according to veteran bowlers of both teams, the first time since the war that the Kowloon Cricket Club has suffered a 5-0 defeat from Craigengower.

The match itself started dramatically. Quickly adapting themselves to the heavy green, Craigengower jumped into the lead on all three rinks from the very first head and at the end of the 11th head R. Rossetti was leading T.E. Baker by 10-3, J.S. Landolt having the better of F.O. Madar by 13-9, and B.W. Bradbury enjoying a 13-6 lead over W. Hong Sling.

It was not until the tea interval that the KCC rinks, especially those of Hong Sling and Madar, fought back strongly. Madar drew level at 16-16 on the 16th head and went on to lead 20-19 with a good four on the 19th.

Francis Lee, who was on and off for the duration of the game, came to his rink's rescue on the crucial 20th head when he drew two shots to enable Landolt to score three and follow up with a single on the last head to win narrowly by 23-20.

GALLANT ATTEMPT

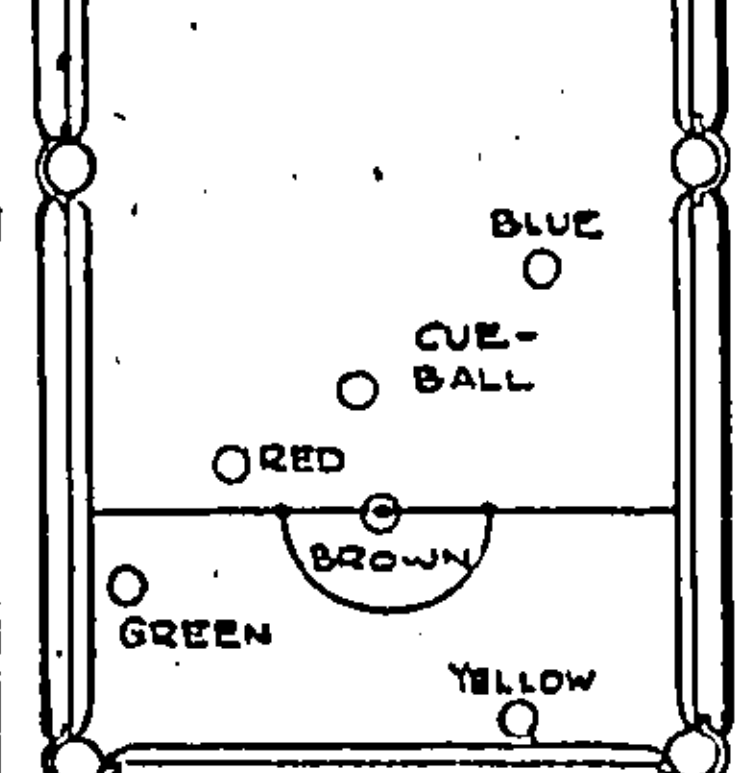
Hong Sling also made a gallant attempt to turn the tide, and drew to 16-17 on the 18th head. Bradbury made two grand shots, however, on the 19th head when he rested, an opposing second shot with his first wood and drew another to score a four on this head.

Hong Sling narrowly missed a four on the 20th head, and managed to chalk up only two shots which proved insufficient to stop Bradbury's rink from chalking up their first win of the season.

When practising from this position take great care with the potting of the green into the bottom left-hand corner pocket. The cue-ball has to be struck low and delicately screwed back into position for the brown, X8.

Potting the blue into the middle left-hand pocket is quite simple, but a steady stroke is required to run through for position on the pink, X10.

I would now strike the white ball high for potting the pink into the top right-hand corner pocket and run through to position myself for the black into the top left-hand corner pocket, X11.



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If you required two blacks and all the colours from the position illustrated in this diagram, what would you do? (Next week Horace Lindrum will demonstrate what he would do.)

The other KCC rink of A. V. Lopes, W. Cowie, E. C. Fincher and T. E. Baker could do nothing right against the inspired bowling of W. C. Ogley, A. J. Kew, G. Souza and R. Rossetti and went down rather badly by 10-35.

A still heavier upset of the week was the 4-1 defeat of IRC by Kowloon Bowling Green Club. The match saw the return of R. B. Robertson to the KBC team and an interesting clash between the two unbeaten rinks of A. Harvey and A. R. Kitchell. Harvey was again well supported by his front men, especially his No. 1, R. H. Browne, and No. 2, J. G. Meyer, to give his rink an all-round superiority over Kitchell's four.

Credil, however, for KBGC's grand win goes also to J. McKelvie's rink whose narrow 20-19 triumph over A. K. Minu's rink gave them an additional point.

Kowloon Dock Club also claimed their share of the week's glory when they surprisingly handed the Bowling Green Club a 4-1 shake-up. Highlight of the match was provided by the clash between R. B. Robertson's rink and that of R. S. Gourlay.

Robertson took over the rink of A. Harvey who is going away on leave, and his 27-10 win over Gourlay proved that the success of a rink depends as much on the support of front men as on the ability of the skip.

The Third Division matches also produced a resounding upset when Recreio set back Kowloon Cricket Club's chances of retaining the Championship by taking three points off them.

The match was a personal triumph for the Recreio rink of J. L. Alves, D. C. Alves, R. Colloco and A. dos Remedios Jr., whose overwhelming 28-10 win over the KCC rink skipped by S. Ramchand was solely responsible for Recreio's victory.

Deserving of special mention is also the performance of the newly formed USRC team who held the Indian Recreation Club to a narrow 2-3 win and followed this up with a 5-0 decisive win over the Football Club during the week.

TODAY'S MATCHES

Main attraction in the First Division matches today will be the match between KCC and Club de Recreio. All-star line-up while Kowloon Cricket Club, who went through a minor revolution after their heavy defeat last week, will be fielding a completely reshuffled team. With the exception of some resistance from F. O. Madar's rink, it looks as if it will be a walkover for Recreio.

Craigengower should have the better of Talkoo and Kowloon Bowling Green Club should be able to take four points off PRC. The match between HKFC and KCC will be a closer affair with the odds in favour of KCC.

In the Second Division, KBGC and Recreio "A" are not expected to experience any difficulty in taking at least four points off HKCC and KCC respectively. Recreio "B" may be offered stiffer opposition by IRC, leaving the KCC-FC match the most even of the Third Division games.

Highlight of the Third Division games will be the match between League-leading Craigengower and fourth-placed Filipino Club. Craigengower will have to try and take the maximum points if they are to retain their position in next week's

League standings as both KCC and IRC, who will have PRC and POC as their opponents, should be able to win by comfortable margins.

THE PROGRAMME

First Division
Talkoo v. PRC
KBGC v. PRC
KCC v. Recreio
HKFC v. KCC

Second Division
KCC v. FC
HKCC v. KBGC
Recreio "B" v. IRC
KCC v. Recreio "A"

Third Division
FC v. CCC
HKFC v. HKERC
PRC v. KCC
POC v. IRC
Recreio v. USRC

HOW THEY STAND

FIRST DIVISION

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	Pts.
Recreio	4	2	0	2	298	173
IRC	4	2	0	2	250	220
KCC	4	2	0	2	250	220
KBGC	5	2	0	3	301	302
CCC	4	2	0	2	218	228
KCC	3	2	0	1	198	172
PRC	4	2	0	2	234	235
HKFC	4	1	0	3	193	302
Talkoo	4	1	0	3	216	273

SECOND DIVISION

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	Pts.
Recreio "A"	4	4	0	0	288	170
Recreio "B"	4	3	0	1	235	220
KBGC	4	3	0	1	227	231
FC	3	3	0	2	161	165
KCC	3	1	0	2	169	169
IRC	3	1	0	2	169	169
KCC	4	0	0	4	217	260
HKCC	2	0	0	2	77	149

THIRD DIVISION

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	Pts.
CCC	4	3	0	1	302	170
IRC	4	3	0	1	270	222
KCC	4	3	0	1	244	210
USRC	5	2	0	3	321	298
FC	4	3	0	1	260	217
Recreio	4	3	0	1	237	225
PRC	4	1	0	3	180	255
POC	3	0	0	2	168	168
HKERC	4	0	0	4	191	267
HKFC	4	0	0	4	180	304

SKIPS' TABLES

FIRST DIVISION

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	Pts.
A. Harvey (KBGC)	4	3	1	0	110	54
J. F. V. Ribeiro (Recreio)	4	3	1	0	91	57
R. S. Gourlay (KCC)	4	3	1	0	85	50
A. R. Kitchell (IRC)	4	3	0	1	92	79
J. S. Landolt (CCC)	4	3	0	1	82	71
F. O. Madar (KCC)	3	2	0	1	80	51
A. M. Omar (IRC)	2	2	0	0	47	27
A. E. Penzance (KCC)	4	2	0	2	80	78

SECOND DIVISION

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	Pts.
H. A. Ozorio (Recreio "A")	4	4	0	0	104	55
A. A. Lopes (Recreio "B")	4	3	0	1	98	67
A. F. Gomes (Recreio "C")	4	3	0	1	80	70
N. A. Beltrao (Recreio "D")	4	3	0	1	81	68
C. A. Danenberg (Recreio "E")	3	2	0	1	71	48
A. M. Buchanan (KBGC)	3	2	0	1	71	50
L. S. Silva (FC)	4	2	0	2	88	77
A. M. Ramjahn (IRC)	2	2	0	0	40	35

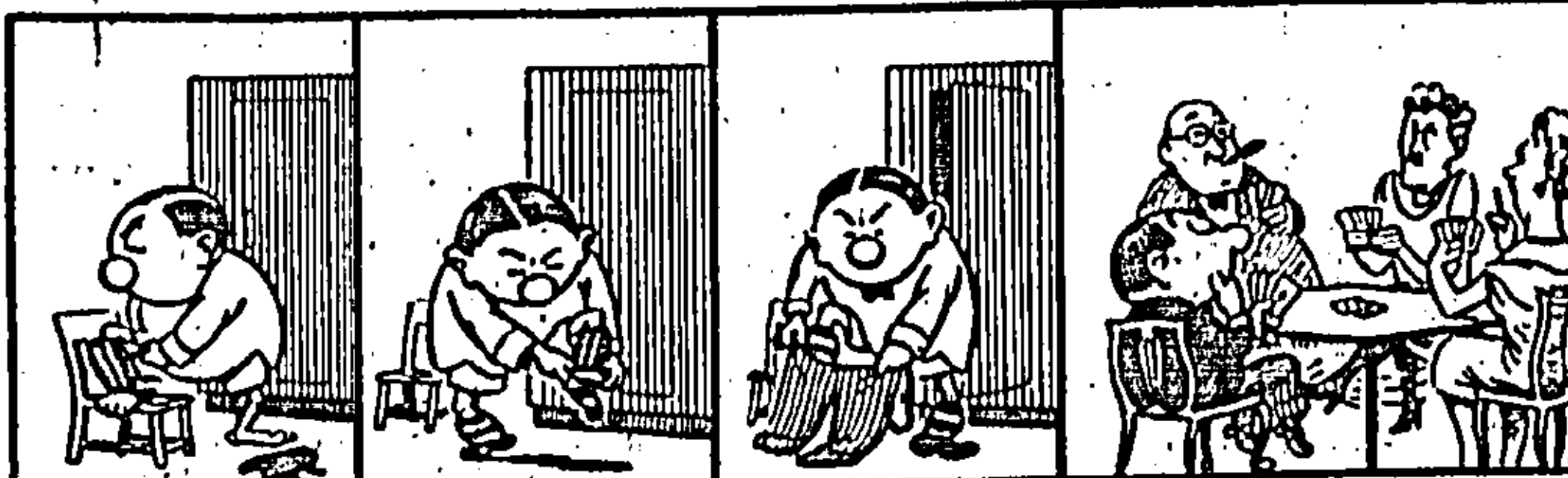
THIRD DIVISION

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	Pts.
S. Leonard (CCC)	4	4	0	0	142	39
O. R. Sadick (IRC)	4	4	0	0	109	60
D. L. Edwards (USRC)	5	4	0	1	112	80
C. W. Lam (KCC)	4	4	0	0	93	60
V. A. Neves (FC)	3	3	0	0	72	47
A. A. dos Remedios (Recreio)	4	3	0	1	87	65
A. W. Hircok (POC)	3	3	0	0	63	54
J. G. Robertson (KCC)	4	3	0	1	73	68
A. Steven (USRC)	5	3	0	2	114	112
G. Willerton (IRC)	4	2	1	1	64	73

* These do not include scores of last Saturday's match between POC and HKFC, which are still not available.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



SPORTS ROUND-UP

Chataway To Race In America And Canada

Chris Chataway, one of England's greatest middle-distance runners, flew to America on June 8, the day after his University examinations, as captain of the joint Oxford-Cambridge team to compete against four American Universities at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on June 13.

He is staying on to run in the East Canadian Championships at Montreal on June 27. There, Chataway, who recently broke the British Two-Mile record, is likely to meet Canadian Don McEwen.

Until last year McEwen's 5min. 19sec. was the fastest ever Two Miles by a British Empire athlete. Chataway's time was 5min. 49.6 sec.

FAILED TO QUALIFY

C. H. Ward, British Ryder Cup player and likely member of the team to meet the Americans at Wentworth in September, failed to qualify in

the Midlands section of the Goodwin tournament.

After 36 holes, with a score of 153, he was level with two other competitors and had to play off for the final qualifying place. Missing a three yard putt at the final play-off hole, the eighth, cost Ward his chance.

COCKELL-MATTHEWS?

Don Cockell, Britain's new Heavyweight Champion, may go to America soon to fight Harry Matthews. Cockell's manager John Simpson has been in contact, over the trans-Atlantic phone with Jack Hurley, who looks after Matthews' interests, and says that the Americans are keen on arranging the contest. Matthews, like Cockell, is a former cruiserweight. Last December he came to Britain to fight Johnny Williams at Harringay, but was forced to withdraw owing to an injured back.

The All Blacks rugby team who are to tour Britain this winter will be severely tested from the start. Their first match, at Brighton on Saturday October 31, is against a combined side representing five counties—Dorset, Wiltshire, Herefordshire, Oxfordshire and Sussex.

MOST COURAGEOUS

David Malik is not a name well-known in cricket, but it belongs to one of the game's most courageous players. For 29-year-old David lost both his legs in an accident, and is now fitted with artificial limbs.

Last month he played his first game of cricket for two years. He was at the wicket when the last over was called with his side, Guildford YMCA, needing 18 runs to win.

Nothing daunted, David hit two sixes and four twos, making the winning hit off the last ball of the match. Malik, who uses a runner, caught up his legs to get to the pitch of the ball, but has a remarkably good eye, and puts tremendous power into his shots.

Vic Towcek, former World Bantamweight champion, is coming to Britain. Whilst in Britain, Towcek, who lost his title to Australian Jimmy Carruthers, will fight as a featherweight.

ZATOPEK V. BANNISTER?

Emil Zatopek may meet Roger Bannister in a mile race that should really prove to be the Mile of the Century. It is hoped to stage it in Ceylon in December to inaugurate the opening of a new club track, and the Ceylon Amateur Athletic Association have also invited Australian John Landy and Werner Lutz of Germany.

Zatopek, who holds seven world records between 10,000 and 30,000 metres, has not seriously run over the shorter distance since 1947. Then he won the 1,500 Metres event in the World Student Games in a time of 3min. 52.8sec.

STILL GOING AT 77

Fred Musgrave, the Chiswick cyclist, will be 77 on June 14. But two days afterwards he will compete in a 100 miles reliability ride. Now in his 60th cycling year, Mr Musgrave, who rides 20 miles every day, rode in the first of these triennial rides in 1928, and has since taken part in all except two.

No cyclist under 50 is eligible, and Musgrave, oldest of the 60 entrants, is confident of completing the course in the 12 hours allowed.

He also aims to complete his 500,000th cycling mile this year.

MASSAGE HIS HOBBY

For the first time the British Hydor Cup team is to have an

Discus Record May Earn A Trip To Dortmund

The giant Mark Pharoah may have ensured himself a trip to Dortmund for the International University Games in August by his record discus throwing at Motespur Park.

The British team for these games will be limited by finance, but Pharoah, with his throw of 165ft. 10½in., should be a sure winner and is therefore likely to be included.

I understood that Pharoah, no longer a student but working in the aircraft industry at Weybridge, will be available.

The rule for these games is that athletes are allowed to compete two years after going down from their colleges.

NEXT CHANCE

Pharoah's next chance of improving on a record that has so obviously been within his grasp for the last two years will be in the Laneshire Championships at Salford.

He could have entered for the Surrey Championships at Motespur Park, for he was born at Streatham.

Pharoah moved to Manchester when only about five years old, and it seems that he will retain his allegiance to the county of his residence.

He is working in the South for only two years before returning to his Manchester home, and it will be the Northern Championships in which he will take part, rather than the Southern on June 20.

—(London Express Service)

ALL-BLACKS SKIPPER?

Kevin Skinner, prop-forward and youngest member of the All-Black touring team in South Africa in 1949, is strongly tipped to captain the New Zealand Rugby team in Britain next season. Skinner now matured, has gained more experience by playing twice in rugby Tests against Australia. The team, which left New Zealand by air on October 13, will be chosen on September 13.

CHANNEL ATTEMPT

Damian Piza, a 34-year-old Mexican, plans to swim the English Channel this summer. His attempt is being financed by a group of Mexican sportsmen who have raised over £800.

HARVARD GETS BARTHEL

Josy Barthel, Luxembourg's Olympic 1,500m. Metres title holder, is to go to the American University of Harvard. He is expected to take up residence in September.

Barthel, who is 26, represents the greatest capture yet in the American Universities European talent hunt. His first target is likely to be the American Mile record, which now stands at 4 mins. 2.4 seconds.—(London Express Service)

—(London Express Service)

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Then there is *Bach's Variations* on a Part from *Bach's cantata, "Weinen, Klagen, etc."*, backed by Cesar Ferguson's "Grand Piece Symphonique," which is grand in the sense of the grand and grandly played by Edouard Nies Berger (Concert Hall; 12-inch LP).

More organ news is that Carl Weinrich has launched a recording series of Bach's organ music and the first volume is impressive (MGM; 12-inch LP).

—DELOS SMITH

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MASTER P. BLEUM
Re-arrange the letters to spell
his occupation.
(Solution on Page 16)

By OSWALD JACOBY

1, Q-Q7, 1... KxKt; 2, Kt-K3; 1... K-K4; 2, Kt-K4 (ch); 1... Kt-Kt4, Kt-Kt2 (ch); 1... Kt-K2, Q-Q4.

8. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well.

(Solution on Page 16)

TEN CENTS EACH

TEN CENTS EACH

TEN CENTS EACH

TEN CENTS EACH

